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NOTES.

WHATEVER may be the truth about the negotiations at present proceeding in Paris with regard to the West African question there is an unmistakeable impression prevailing in the House of Commons that in this as in other matters Great Britain has been making unnecessary concessions. It is possible that this feeling is merely a reflection of the optimistic utterances of M. Hanotaux, foreshadowing an amicable settlement of the outstanding questions in this part of Africa between England and France. It is recognised on all hands that Great Britain's case in West Africa was stronger even than it has been in the Far East, and any surrender on the part of the Colonial Office will be worse than weak. It is to be hoped that more is known of what is going on in the Niger region than Mr. Curzon seems to know about events on the other side of Africa. He professed not to understand Sir Charles Dilke's dates in a question last week having reference to the Macdonald Expedition. It is kinder to suppose that he knows, but has not yet got "official cognisance" of the fact that Major Macdonald's Expedition has been recalled.

Mr. Balfour was quite apologetic when he got up to reply to Sir Charles Dilke's request for a day for his motion with regard to the combination of the offices of Foreign Secretary and Prime Minister in one person. What the motion aimed at was, of course, not to insist on the separation of the two offices, but to raise the whole question of our foreign policy during the past twelve months, and when pressed upon this point, Mr. Balfour could only fall back on the classic taunt: why don't you move a vote of censure? The truth is, that feeling both amongst the Tories and the Liberal Unionists is very strongly against the Government on this question of foreign policy, and when Mr. Balfour got up there was a very noticeable absence of the usual cheering from the Ministerial benches.

The important and as yet unannounced feature in the case is that Sir William Harcourt is going to adopt Sir Charles Dilke's motion, which will be taken probably on the first Friday after the Easter recess, that is to say, after the Chinese discussion, and when the papers on the Chinese question will be in the hands of members. The outcome of the debate admits of no doubt, for nearly all the Irish Nationalists will vote for the Government, and there will be a big majority against the motion. Nevertheless there are many Ministerialists who are cordially in its favour, many more indeed than will venture to vote for it.

The Session up to the Easter recess has certainly neither made any new reputation nor enhanced an old one. Mr. Mendl, the member for Plymouth, perhaps

came nearest to making his mark. He made a speech which was clear and vigorous, but it did not quite bear out the reputation of a clever speaker which had preceded him to the House. Though no old member has increased his reputation, neither has any reputation been diminished. The two best speeches of the Session were probably those of Mr. Curzon and Mr. Asquith in the Indian Frontier Debate, but the first was a little spoilt by its "superior" tone, and since Mr. Asquith made his big speech he has scarcely been heard of. Mr. Brodrick has quite maintained the reputation he achieved last Session, whilst Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain have done little more than keep themselves merely in evidence.

In spite of all rumours and denials of rumours, the question of Lord Salisbury's successor is becoming more and more imminent. We have already expressed the satisfaction we should feel if Lord Cromer could be prevailed upon to accept the post of Foreign Secretary, but he himself is disinclined, and his friends are very much against it. There is at present a disposition in some quarters to advocate Lord Lansdowne for the post. His selection would be little short of a disaster, for he is lamentably weak. This would not matter so much if the Permanent Under-Secretary were a strong man, but Sir Thomas Sanderson is very weak too, and in so far inefficient. With Lansdowne and Sanderson together, the British Empire would be even more meek and long-suffering than it is.

The question of peace or war between the United States and Spain still hangs in the balance. It will probably be decided by the time these words are in print. The terms of the Washington Government are the immediate proclamation of an armistice until October, during which time the United States in concert with Spain will co-operate in relieving the Reconcentrados and in securing a permanent peace. It is difficult to see how war can be avoided. That Cuba will be granted autonomy is certain. The question is how the Spanish Government can grant it in view of the unyielding pride of the Spanish nation. Spain in spite of her extreme poverty has already in two years sent 200,000 men to this island, and with an exchequer virtually bankrupt has incurred this enormous expense. After all these sacrifices it seems improbable that Spain will back down before mere verbal threats from the United States. A contest, however brief, would be necessary to save not merely the Spanish Government, but the very existence of the dynasty.

It would seem from Mr. Chamberlain's answer to a question on Monday that Mr. Reid has not only taken over the railways as well as the rest of Newfoundland, but also the control of the legislation of the Colony. The contract which has been signed, making the great

undertaker practically the King of the island, binds the Government to enact the necessary legislation for the establishment of an import duty on coal and to carry out other undertakings in the contract. No wonder Sir Charles Dilke was anxious to know what, under these conditions, will become of the freedom of the legislature of Newfoundland to accept or reject legislation. Mr. Chamberlain could not tell him, but he seemed to think it was all right.

The Parliamentary event of the week was Mr. Davitt's speech on the Prisons Bill—a relentless exposure of our present elaborate system for the manufacture and propagation of the habitual criminal. Prisoners and captives were the subjects of public prayer in the old cruel days, but we have now grown humane, and so the prisoner is huddled out of sight and forgotten. The fact that, owing to better lighting, better police, and shorter sentences, the actual number of prisoners is diminishing, blinds the official statistician to the fact that the number of habitual criminals is steadily increasing; and it is well that once in a while a man who has himself "done" a term of penal servitude should have the opportunity of speaking out in the House of Commons. We are not concerned at present with Mr. Davitt's schemes for reform; possibly they are all wrong: a born rebel against the existing social order is not the best lawmaker. What we wish to emphasise for the twentieth time is that the present system is all wrong, that it is anti-social and anti-human; that a man or a woman who has once suffered its polluting touch becomes in nine cases out of ten an habitual criminal to whom every door of hope is closed. Classification is the first duty. The incorrigibles should be isolated rigidly and permanently, as lepers or criminal lunatics are isolated. They should not be allowed to "breed more sinners." Young offenders, on the other hand, should be treated kindly and indulgently, and taught that there is something better in life than law-breaking.

Wednesday was wasted in the House of Commons over an impossible Irish Land Bill, and a ridiculous proposal by a Mr. MacAleeese, to enable any one who wished to prefix "O" or "Mac" to his name. As there is no law in heaven or on the earth preventing anybody to call himself both O and Mac if he wishes, the second bill did not detain the House long, but the bulk of the day was devoted to the Land Bill, which seemed designed to perpetuate litigation, and to ensure the deterioration of Irish land, a process which has already been one of the most marked results of the establishment of the Land Courts. Only half the Irish members took the trouble to attend, and the bill was debated in the emptiest house of the Session. The Irish members should really learn that there are limits to this sort of thing, and that the fact that under stress of altogether peculiar circumstances, Parliament undertook to fix rents in Ireland, forms no precedent for a proposal to despoil the landlords altogether.

"He had no reason to believe that the present system did not satisfy the requirements of the public service." Such is the answer, put into his mouth by some clerk at the Foreign Office, which Mr. Arthur Balfour found a sufficient retort to Mr. Yerburgh's question on Monday night with regard to the study of Oriental languages. Mr. Yerburgh is not in the "family circle," and he has ideas, and so it is quite natural that he should be snubbed; but it would be interesting to inquire whether Mr. Balfour or anybody else really thinks it a creditable thing that an Empire with more Asiatic subjects than all the other European countries put together should lag behind even Austria in making proper provision for the systematic study of living Oriental languages. France, Russia, Germany and Austria have all recognised the fact that the East is being opened up and have established fully equipped Colleges, but the clerks at the Foreign Office still think that "the present system"—or absence of system—"satisfies the requirements of the public service." Perhaps it is not to be wondered at, however, that a country which regards a gentleman from the Gold Coast as the fittest Ambassador to conduct delicate and

dangerous negotiations in Peking should regard a knowledge of Oriental languages as rather a disqualification in his subordinates.

Who put Lord Selborne up to speak for the Liberal Unionist party on Tuesday? As Lord Wolmer he was a whip in the Lower House, and as the over-pious Lord Selborne's son and Lord Salisbury's son-in-law he has, naturally, been well provided for since his translation; but who made him a judge and a divider over the Unionist party and its foreign policy? Even the weak Liberal Unionists who were selected by invitation to listen to his remarks murmured and protested against his proclamation of the doctrine of scuttle. We are very far indeed from sympathy with the jingo policy of England against the world, but when a member of the Ministry openly proclaims at one and the same time that our policy is the policy of the "open door" in China, and that when Russia assumes the right to slam the door we must not complain, because "no human power" can stop Russia, it is time to remark that such a policy is simply an invitation to aggression. And when an under-secretary to the Admiralty, who ought to know that Russia's military communications with the Amur district are exclusively by sea, calmly asserts that such communications are "exclusively land communications," we can only say "prodigious!"

Abyssinia is now such an important factor in East African politics that every indication of the policy of its ruler is important. We notice, thererore, with the more regret the difference in the receptions accorded to the Russian and English Missions. When Mr. Rodd approached the capital he was met by a message of polite regrets that the Negus could not receive the party until next day. Count Gleichen's recent book describes (p. 119) how the English Mission party entered the capital unnoticed, and "actually walked into the courtyard of the compound [in which they were to camp] before anyone appeared to receive us." Of course, it was a "mistake"; and perhaps we shall hear that it was only from the desire that such a remarkable mistake should not recur that the entry of the Russian Mission into Addis Abeba was managed so differently. According to the account in the "Times" (March 29) the Russians "were met outside the town by the Emperor's brother-in-law, his first secretary and Magman and by M. Ilg, the Swiss engineer, with a brilliant escort of mounted Abyssinians. The entry into the Palace was made in the most ceremonious manner. The Emperor Menelik awaited the mission seated on a throne "covered with satin and velvet cushions embroidered with gold." Mr. Harrington's appointment at the Abyssinian capital is not a sinecure.

The most interesting result of the massacre and sack of Benin was the capture of a great series of brass plaques, statuettes, box-lids, pipes, &c., which have been brought to England. The various articles are all castings, and their elaborate ornamentation bespeaks for their makers great skill in metal working. Most African tribes have smiths who hammer pieces of brass rod and wire into simple ornaments; but these Benin brasses represent a stage of metal working far more advanced than anything recorded for any of the native races of Africa, except the ancient Egyptians and the Moors. Nothing like them is being made by any negro race at present, and nothing is known that can be regarded as their precursors. The date of the brasses is limited by a statuette in the Liverpool Museum of a negro holding a flint-lock gun. Flint-locks were invented about 1630, which is therefore the oldest possible date. Two theories regarding the brasses are now current. According to one view, they are due to the influence of some comparatively advanced tribe who reached Benin from the central Soudan, and brought with them a knowledge of brass-work derived from some early, possibly Egyptian source. A second theory attributes the work to some prisoner or trader, who lived at Benin in the seventeenth century. An admirable description of the collection in the Liverpool Museum has just been issued in the *Bulletin* of that institution, by the director, Mr. H. O. Forbes. He

discusses both theories, but without expressing any very decided preference between them.

"There are judges in France yet," is the cry of relief with which the jurists of the world have received the news that the Cour de Cassation has declared the Zola trial null and void, and has remitted the case back to the Cour d'Assises for fair trial—if, haply, among the political hacks who adorn the bench of that Court, there may be found one who knows what a fair trial means. The Cour de Cassation does not correspond exactly either to our Court of Appeal or to the United States Supreme Court. It is concerned above all with the form of the trial, and it possesses practically unlimited powers to *casser* or "quash" all trials in which the essential conditions of justice have been violated, quite independently of the question whether the evidence was sufficient or not. We are especially pleased with this result, because we have never been able to regard the Zola case as one simply concerned with the guilt or innocence of Captain Dreyfus or with the discretion or indiscretion of M. Zola. It was essentially concerned with the credit and honour of France, which were tarnished before the world by the contemptible surrender of law to armed force. The law has now been vindicated, and the credit of French justice rehabilitated.

The Panama scandal, which has involved more than one tragedy in France, is ending in pure farce. The different parties and groups which have been indulging in mutual recriminations on the subject for so many years past have suddenly, on the eve of the elections, united to whitewash each other, and on Wednesday the Chamber, by a unanimous vote (a thing we fancy unprecedented in its history), agreed practically to acquit the politicians—that is to say, themselves—and to throw all the blame on M. Reinach, who is dead, and on M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire, the examining magistrate, who is now accused of acting in collusion with him. Not the least remarkable part of the business is that the main speech in support of the whitewashing report was made by M. Viviani, a Socialist, the Chamber being so much moved by his eloquence that it voted to have the speech and the report posted as an official document in all the 36,000 Communes of France. The posting of M. Viviani's speech is distasteful to the Government as being a tremendous advertisement for the Socialist party, but the whole business is a very transparent electoral manœuvre.

The depression of a singularly gloomy week has been slightly relieved by the news of a brilliant little victory on the Nile, a handful of Egyptian troops having secretly moved up the river and captured Shendy, the advanced base of Mahmoud's army in its advance against Berber. The result is not only to encourage the Egyptian troops by proving that they can be used in the open against the Dervishes, but to entirely isolate Mahmoud and Osman Digna, who are on the wrong side of the Nile with their retreat to Omdurman cut off. He will now have to risk a crushing defeat by an attack on General Kitchener's army or to move up the Atbara to the fertile plains round Kassala, since his present position affords neither food nor water.

"The reader who, when he is at a loss to understand what he reads, dismisses the subject with a fine sense of confusion is doing himself harm." So says the "Times," and it ought to know, for its readers often suffer in that way. To remedy the evil, the authorities at Printing House Square have decided to issue, of all books in the world, a reprint of the old "Encyclopædia Britannica." The "Times" has not yet got down to the stage of giving a pound of tea to every one who brings in a subscriber, but it seems to be on the way. The Encyclopædia, in spite of many serious faults and omissions, was a fine piece of work in 1875, when the last edition was launched, but what possible object there can be in now circulating a book hopelessly out of date we are at a loss to conceive. The "Times" is particular to insist on the fact that even to the plates and the steel engravings the reprint will be a facsimile. In that case its ingenuous readers will be provided—to

glance only at the first couple of volumes—with a map of Africa in which the Congo has not yet been discovered, an America without a Canadian Pacific Railway, and an Asia in which Burma is still innocent of British rule. Professor Daniel Wilson's excellent article on Archaeology will still be found appropriate and instructive, but for the rest we venture most seriously to assure our friends in the "Times" office that the information relative to the arts and sciences that was novel and trustworthy in 1875 is in 1898 as much out of date as the maps.

It is a matter of common remark that the London Chamber of Commerce—the representative body, that is, of the metropolis of the commercial world—should have so little influence in that world. The explanation of the puzzling circumstance lies in the peculiar lines on which the Chamber has been run. It has practically been a "one-man show"; in other words, it has been used for the greater glory of a worthy solicitor, who for some years past has held to the Presidency. Not only has this gentleman settled himself tight in the Presidential Chair for an abnormal period, but during that period he has succeeded in getting at cross-purposes with Committees and individual members of the Chamber in a way that could not fail to be harmful to the Chamber's usefulness and position. This unfortunate era in the London Chamber's history is, however, now about to be closed. At a recent meeting of the Chamber a new set of rules was carried (in the face of excited opposition), whereby the scandal of unconciliating mediocrity in permanent position will be made difficult, if not impossible, for the future.

An extraordinary demonstration of affection and sorrow occurred in the streets of Haggerston on Tuesday last at the funeral of the Rev. W. R. Sharpe, for thirty-four years the vicar of St. Chad's, a slum parish in that district. Mr. Sharpe was formerly Fellow of "Cat.'s," Cambridge. He was latterly a fine-looking old man, with abundant white hair and patriarchal beard; and though not notable as a preacher, he was a diligent and most industrious parish priest, living among his poor people, and ministering to them until he won their enthusiastic allegiance and regard.

Most of us know Mr. W. S. Gilbert as a writer of a peculiar and delightful humour. He can positively write nonsense verses that are funny. Coming at a time when the public was afraid of any art that concerned itself directly with the modern reading of life, he and Sir Arthur Sullivan invented a form of art which was amusing in direct ratio to its importance, and they have had their reward. They must have made very large sums of money, and they have won a very enviable position in their time. But alas! this did not satisfy their ambitions. Sir Arthur Sullivan must needs try to show that he was a great musician, and those of us who heard "Ivanhoe" found out, if we did not know it before, that his ambition was out of all proportion to his power of accomplishment. Mr. Gilbert has also entered on the same primrose path with we have understood much the same result. But Mr. Gilbert was not satisfied with the adverse verdict of the critics. He appealed to managers and editors against them; and when one paper ventured to tell him that he was suffering from an acute attack of what the Americans call big-head, he brought an action against the proprietor of the "Era," with the result that the jury were unable to come to an agreement.

Here is £1000 or so spent, and what has been the result? First of all, we have been taught that Mr. Gilbert has quarrelled on apparently slight reason with a good many different people. He will no longer shake hands with Sir Henry Irving; he will not bow to Mr. Ledger; and the mere idea of speaking to Mr. Clement Scott puts him in a fever. Now was it worth £500 of Mr. Gilbert's money to prove *urbi et orbi* that his sense of humour was merely an adventitious literary gift, and had nothing to do with the conduct of his own affairs in life? But what shall we say of Mr. Ledger and the £500 he has had to spend in defending this

silly action? Mr. Buzfuz Walton's argument that Mr. Ledger filled his pockets through an article criticising Mr. Gilbert was too grotesquely absurd, even for the twelve wiseacres in the box. As every one knows, Mr. Ledger conducts his business with much more than ordinary caution. Yet even extraordinary prudence fails to protect the newspaper proprietor from actions that should never have been brought into court. What is the remedy for this silly state of affairs?

There are libel actions brought every day by impudent or malevolent people which prove that our Law of Libel must be amended. The suitor should be compelled to give security for costs, unless he can first get a judge in chambers to declare that he has *prima facie* a real cause for action. But the impudent suitor is not as great a public nuisance as the malevolent one. In any other department of life, if A injures B through a mere accident, B has to prove specific damage before he can recover, but a newspaper proprietor is a pariah. If an accidental mistake is made in his paper it is apologised for as soon as made; everything that can be done is done to appease the gentleman who was hurt, but nothing will satisfy him except "an appeal to the law." Now we venture to say that the newspaper trade should be put on the same footing as all other trades in this regard. But still we have not answered the question how actions such as the one brought by Mr. W. S. Gilbert could be avoided. We are afraid there is no way out of this difficulty, save by encouraging the Judge to exercise more freely his undoubted prerogative, and to intimate his opinion that the case should not be brought. But we cannot expect such heroism from judges like Mr. Justice Day.

If an arrangement could be made with the Treasury by which, on the stipulation that he should write no verse whatever, the stipend of the Poet Laureate could be doubled, we believe that it would be hailed as an economy. We are very sorry for Mr. Alfred Austin, for whom we have a weakness. He is a gentleman, a patriot and a kind-hearted man; when he was placed in his present false position, we hoped that common sense would make him adroit and careful. He is no poet, of course, yet men of even smaller gifts could steer their course with safety by the exercise of tact and humour. But of these the Laureate has not a trace. In the ocean of inane public utterances his dreadful ballad of "Jameson's Ride" stands up, a Teneriffe of tactlessness, the worst literary blunder of the age. This week, when all the world is so touchy, Mr. Austin circulates to the morning papers an ode called "A Voice from the West," in which he treats America with the sort of unconscious patronage by which he drove Mr. William Watson wild in graciously beckoning him up the slopes of Parnassus.

The misfortune is that Mr. Alfred Austin has never become known in America, and since his appointment his name has been greeted with a great deal of rather ill-bred chaff in New York and Boston. The Americans are not aware of those genuine qualities of head and heart which he possesses. They will not appreciate being told that they "are lords of a strong young land and we are lords of the main." The habit of employing richly figurative speech is often abused in the United States; we feel a melancholy certainty that it was abused when "A Voice from the West" (which is surely a geographical blunder, as Mr. Austin is not singing from Japan) was reprinted. Nor can English ears have done less than redder and tingle at this foolish, second-hand bunkum about "sons of the self-same race, and blood of the self-same clan," about "joyfully loving and trusting each other," about "the tale of an ancient wrong" and all the rest of the rhetoric. This stuff, so tame, so trite, so false, so tuneless as verse, so parochial in manner, is likely to do no more than remind us, with a sigh of regret, how dignified and weighty were the rare utterances on such occasions made by the great Alfred who reigned last in the laurel.

THE FAR EASTERN MUDDLE.

WE confess to an overpowering curiosity to know whither and why the British fleet has sailed from Hong Kong. Those of sanguine mood comfort themselves with the thought that it has really started out to do something, perhaps to occupy Chusan and Shanghai, or even Wei-hai-wei in place of Japan. The pessimists assert—Reuter's Peking correspondent amongst them—that we have merely designed a naval demonstration in the Gulf of Pechili, on a smaller scale, but with much the same significance, as the Spithead review. Our ships are, in short, to pay a friendly visit to the environs of Port Arthur so that we may be assured of the reality of the Russian occupation, and can settle that vexed question of whether the Chinese and Russian flags fly together over the port, or the Russian alone. We incline ourselves to the less sanguine opinion, for it is inconceivable to us that the Government has any definite policy in its mind or any real objective within its vision. From that first foolish request to China to take Talién-wan from the paws of the bear and hand it to us, to Mr. Curzon's last cryptic answer in the House of Commons, British interests in the Far East seem to have been the plaything if not of fools at least of amateur diplomatists. As like as not, therefore, we are about to stultify ourselves again. And what is the "Rainbow" doing in the fleet that sailed the other day? We seem to remember that there was a "Rainbow" which made "acte de présence" at Port Arthur when it was occupied by Russia, and after peeping in scurried out again. The one retort that England can and must make to the successes of Russia is on her part to occupy a naval base such as we have long needed far to the north of Hong Kong. It might be Chusan; even better it should be Wei-hai-wei; but if the "assurances" of China that the basin of the Yang-tse shall not be leased or ceded to any other Power are to be made of any value whatever to Great Britain, a fortified post whence we can command the central waters of China is a paramount necessity of our policy. We are not objecting to the successes of Russia. It seems to us foolish to protest against the inevitable, and the occupation of Port Arthur and the annexation of Manchuria by the great Eurasian Power has been inevitable for many a long year. But it should have been the next inevitable stroke in the game that we should occupy a similar naval base and assure our control of those Central Provinces of China which are probably destined to be one of the greatest markets in the world. But the necessary counter-stroke has been delayed, and it seems as if it had already been delayed too long. In the meantime, the nation is as a nation of the blind that knows not whither it is being led.

It Southern China it appears that the same self-stultifying game is being played. Mr. Curzon has, it would seem, as yet no "official cognisance" of the demands which France in her turn has preferred against the Eastern sick man. Unless some "official cognisance" of the matter is soon to hand, we shall find that before we are "officially" aware of what has happened the effective fortification of Hong Kong will be rendered for ever impossible by French occupation of Kwantung. In this province are the hills, six or seven miles from Hong Kong, which dominate the town and harbour. These hills and the surrounding country we must have in our possession, as well as the barren and uninhabited islands, for the most part to the south of Hong Kong, without which it can never be rendered secure from an attack by sea. So also if Wei-hai-wei is occupied by us or by any other Power the surrounding hills must also be occupied. The harbour is a finer one than that of Port Arthur and more easy of access, but the Japanese captured it by occupying the hills and thus rendering the forts below untenable. If we had not foolishly retired from Port Hamilton we should not now be deplored our helplessness, but having made that initial mistake it will be a sorry spectacle of incapacity to defend our interests that we shall offer to the world if we do not now retrieve it by the immediate occupation of some other naval base. We are in the position of having a fleet in Chinese waters superior to the combined Russian and French Squadrons. But

what is the use of a naval superiority that brings us no advantages ; we have a giant's strength and we use it like a child.

It is beyond all doubt that our diplomacy has been worsted at Peking. Sir Claude Macdonald was an unfortunate choice as Ambassador there. He has had no important diplomatic experience, and can do nothing without orders from the Government at home. With such an Ambassador and such a Government, how can we hope to fight on equal terms with the keenest diplomats of the world ? With a Falstaff and a Hamlet at the head of affairs, it would be amazing if we could achieve success. Russia has beaten us in every move. She brought Li Hung Chang to Europe, and it was to Russia that he came, and to Russia alone. His visit to ourselves was a mere "voyage d'agrément." In the Tsung-li-Yamen, by the aid of Li, she carried her points against the wishes of the rest of the Council. Prince Kung, the Emperor's uncle, became suddenly but diplomatically indisposed ; then Li and the Empress Dowager settled all things as they desired. Already Li is being denounced as a traitor throughout the Empire, and a little pressure in time would have prevented much that we now regret. A strong man at Peking would even have prevented the cession of Port Arthur, though Li had already promised it to the Tsar. It is probably too much to hope that Sir Claude Macdonald will exercise that pressure now. The majority of the Tsung-li-Yamen is not against us, but with us, and even if this were not the case it is as easy for us to extort concessions as it is for either Russia or France. But events march quickly. Russia is backing up the claims of France at Peking. Japan has kept herself in restraint so far, but she is not deceived by Russia's feint of withdrawing from Korea ; she may at any moment break out of bounds, and she is jealously awaiting her turn. But can anything awake the Foreign Office from its sleep ? "There is but one reform for the Foreign Office," Carlyle said, as a correspondent of the "Times" aptly reminds us—"to set a live coal under it," and we unhappily do not yet perceive the man who will bring the brazier.

IS INDIA BANKRUPT ?

WHILE the telegraphic summary of the Indian Budget for the ensuing year, 1898-9, was singularly meagre, little more can be learned from the summary of the Budget Debate in the Viceroy's Council which was reported in Wednesday's morning papers. To judge fairly of the present financial position and prospects in Calcutta, we must await the text of the Budget statement. At present we can see this much, that the accounts for 1896-7, having been finally closed, exhibit a deficit of £1,700,000 ; that for 1897-8 the deficit is estimated to amount to £5,280,000, but that the precise figure will not be known till the accounts for the past year are closed in March, 1899 ; and, finally, that the surplus for the ensuing year is estimated at £890,000. The net deficit on the three years is therefore, in round figures, £6,000,000. The cost, in 1897-8, of the famine was £5,390,000, which as nearly as possible answers to the amount of the deficit for that year. The war charges may therefore be regarded as having been defrayed from revenue, thanks mainly to rise in the rupee exchange, and in a secondary but very considerable degree to the postponement of railway expenditure and of other needful administrative charges. The net addition to the gold debt, by a contemplated loan of £6,000,000, will be £2,620,000 ; but no effort will be made to pay off any part of £3,380,000 debentures which, with £6,000,000 outstanding temporary debt, are to be "renewed" by fresh borrowings.

The estimated surplus for the ensuing year is a very untrustworthy item. It corresponds closely with a sum, amounting to £800,000, of arrear collections on account of land revenue, which, as the famine is over, will be now demanded from the landlord, and which is not, therefore, properly speaking, an asset of 1898-9. On the other hand, the loss from exchange will probably be less than that which has been calculated for the Budget purposes of 1898-9 at the average rate obtained last year, viz., 1s. 3*3d.* ; and provision has been made in the coming year's Budget for what we hope may be

regarded as an extraordinary credit for war expenditure. The estimate, therefore, for the coming year may be regarded, on the whole, as once more restoring equilibrium, should there be no war or other calamity. But—and this is a "but" so big as to reverse the whole position—it is equilibrium obtained solely by the maintenance of between six and seven millions of taxation which have been reimposed as "urgency" resources of late years. By far the greater part of this is taxation which is admitted by every Indian authority on finance to be most objectionable. The equilibrium thus contemplated is therefore only equilibrium resting on avowed instability. With the aid of the proceeds of renewed salt and customs duties, India may again hope to face her normal charges. But to talk of the "recuperative powers" of Indian finance, in these conditions, is worse than foolish. Note that very little more progressive aid can, in future, be expected from exchange, the rise in which during the last two years has been the mainstay of the finance of India, as its fall in previous years was the despair of Indian Finance Ministers. The rupee has now nearly reached the exchange figure of 1s. 4*d.*, contemplated by the Indian Currency Act ; and whatever else may be before him, Sir James Westland cannot count on further assistance from a continuation in the rise of the rupee exchange.

The invincible optimism of Sir James Westland in the midst of his ruined estimates is pathetic. Nothing turns out as was expected ; but amidst the *débris* of his hopes we find him just as tenacious as ever of his calculation that but for this, and but for that, he would have had a thumping surplus. This attitude of mind may be natural to an officer of account, which was Sir James Westland's *métier* till he entered the Viceroy's Council as Minister ; but it scarcely gives us much confidence in his sagacity as a Chancellor of the Exchequer, or in his practical knowledge of the needs and the resources of India. Optimism in an Indian Finance Minister is necessarily absurd. The requirements of the country are limitless, while the limits to its taxable resources are notoriously of the most narrow. Equilibrium re-established in such conditions as those which now confront Sir James Westland should surely give a long-headed Minister pause ; especially when he remembers that his revenue from opium is a decreasing item of receipt, thanks to Chinese competition, and that the currency is in a state that has again called for inquiry by a Committee.

The favourite resource of a Government in financial difficulty is to tamper with its currency. The Government of India has not proved an exception to the rule ; and the conclusions of the Commission of 1893 are to be overhauled and corrected by the inquiries of a Commission in 1898. This is the outcome of the debate of Tuesday last, which is memorable chiefly for the fact that Lord George Hamilton avowed what his predecessor in reply to strictures on the Budget of past years had angrily denied, that the Government of India five years ago was "unquestionably nearing bankruptcy." It is to be hoped that the Commission will comprise one or more men of the Goschen stamp, and that it will not be overweighted, as the last Commission was, by Indian amateur financiers, by ex-official faddists, or by mere mouthpieces delegated from the India Council. It is difficult to believe that there is not a single representative of the Indian Exchequer on that Council at present ; and it is little, if at all, short of scandalous that at a time when the burning question of India is finance, there should be no Indian member of the Secretary of State's Council who has even an elementary knowledge of the one all-important subject. Sir James Westland might be more usefully employed in bringing the results of his special experience and knowledge to the board of the Committee, and in submitting them to the judgment and acumen of currency specialists, than in blowing bright estimate bubbles in Calcutta which collapse with the first breath of misadventure.

In view of impending inquiry it would be premature to examine the several positions somewhat rashly taken up by Lord George Hamilton. It may be that cultivation has not diminished ; that prices of staple commodities have remained much the same ; that the dear-

ness of money in India is not identical with the scarcity of currency. It may also be that with the continuous pressure of a rapidly increasing agricultural population it is not to be expected that cultivation should decrease; that scarcity, famine, and war have maintained the prices of staple commodities; that the mints have been closed for five years, and that it is impossible without a constant flow of coined metal to find the necessary volume of a country's currency. We ask only that these and analogous propositions emanating from Calcutta or from Whitehall should be examined by impartial and competent men; that the Committee should not be packed with mere officials; and that the Indian mercantile element especially should be fully represented on the Committee; for at present it is mercantile experience only which can tell us where the currency pressure is most acute, and what are its most disquieting symptoms.

THE POOR-LAW GUARDIAN ELECTIONS.

THE Poor-law Guardian Elections take place on Monday in all our English Unions; and the moment is therefore opportune for calling attention to one or two points of Poor-law administration upon which an emphatic word of warning to the public is necessary. Now that the first period of office of the Guardians elected under the new electoral arrangements created by the Act of 1894 is over, we may note in passing how very little change that Act has made in the constitution of the Boards. It has frequently been the case that the actual importance of a new law, measured by its effect in the country, has been in inverse proportion to the strife of words over it in Parliament; and the "Guardian clauses" of which we heard so much four years ago are a case in point. Here and there in an urban district the abolition of property qualifications and plurality voting has wrought a slight change; but in the great majority of Unions, and almost universally in rural districts, the Guardians returned by the new electorate have been the same that were in office before. Even in the matter that was regarded by many as the most dangerous innovation of the Local Government Act—the *ex-officio* magistracy attaching to the chairmanship of District Councils—very little has happened. Our county Benches have not been invaded, as it was freely predicted they would be, by a horde of ill-informed newcomers. Many of the chairmen chosen were already magistrates, and the remainder were almost invariably of the class from which magistrates are generally selected. In short, the Radical fallacy that a mere change in electoral machinery is all that is needed to secure modifications of social conditions and institutions has been completely exposed once more.

The evils to which it is necessary to call attention are not, therefore, new evils of the past three years consequent upon the fact that the franchise for Boards of Guardians is now the widest of any in England; they are of older growth than that, and have been steadily increasing for many years past; until at last we are face to face with a condition of things perilously akin to that which was exposed by the great Poor-law Report of 1834. It is perhaps too much to expect that the public, with its proverbially short political memory, should heed a warning uttered over half-a-century ago. But if ever a public document was issued whose effect one might have imagined would have been permanent and conclusive, it was that same report. This generation, however, has forgotten the lesson that stirred the country so deeply in the thirties, and has drifted back by degrees to the very worst of the evils then exposed—the giving of outdoor relief in part payment of wages. True, the system is not now carried out openly and avowedly as it was then; but for all that it is in full operation in many of our Unions—especially in rural Unions—and is as pernicious in its social consequences now as ever.

To any person at all familiar with the history of our poor law this must seem an astounding allegation. Condemnation of the practice of giving outdoor relief to persons in receipt of wages has been so emphatic, and based upon so exhaustive an examination of its effects, that its establishment amongst us again is well-nigh incredible. But the plain fact is that we need go

no longer to old blue-books for a study of the system; it can be seen in operation in almost any village in England to-day. By way of illustration, take the case of a class of village labour that has come almost entirely under its operation. In every rural parish there are a few women—mostly labourers' widows—who used to earn a humble living by washing, charring, and odd days of rough domestic work. Practically all of them are now in receipt of outdoor relief; with the natural result that wages for this work have gone down below living point. Such service cannot command more than a shilling a day. The parish allowance is simply a grant in aid to those who employ these women, enabling them to pay so much less wages; and the final result is that it is no longer possible for a woman to maintain herself by this labour without parish relief in addition. That which may have been intended at first as a kindly addition to a scanty income is now a necessity; the industry has become entirely parasitic, and the women are worse off than ever. The effect of the system, direct and easily traceable upon this limited class, is similar all round. Much of the jobbing labouring work of many villages is done by men receiving relief. Being partly maintained by the rates, their labour is purchasable at a very low wage, which fixes a standard for wages generally for that class of work. The fact that agricultural wages in many counties are at such a scandalously low figure as 10s. and 11s. a week is not wholly unconnected with the system of allowing men to draw wages and poor relief at the same time. We do not suggest that rural Boards of Guardians, consisting mainly of agricultural employers, have adopted the system with the deliberate intention of providing themselves with a supply of cheap subsidised labour. It is not generally such a calculated robbery of the ratepayer as that: it is rather the outcome of ignorant and short-sighted sentimentality. Some Guardians undoubtedly have not even the poor excuse of kindly intentions, but avowedly regard their public position as a means for getting men at a cheap rate of payment. Thus it is quite a common incident at Board meetings, when an applicant for relief comes up, for a farmer Guardian to offer him work at less than the wages-rate of the district. If the man declines, he is publicly rated as a lazy person, who prefers burdening the ratepayer to doing an honest day's work. If he accepts, as he generally does, the farmer gets a cheap reputation for generosity to the destitute, and knocks so much a week off his wages' bill. As a rule, however, the whole pernicious business of getting half the maintenance of your labourers put upon the rates has its origin in ignorance. "What," says your sentimental Guardian, "stop our out-relief if a man is in receipt of wages? That would be very cruel. Give the relief; and if the poor creature can pick up a little employment now and again, by all means allow him to do it." Once the door is opened in this way, the system spreads rapidly over a whole Union. We are no advocates, generally speaking, for central interference with local discretion in matters of local administration; but this is clearly a point upon which it is the duty of the Local Government Board to enforce a general rule that no relief shall be given, under any pretence whatever, to persons in receipt of wages.

FISH-CURING AND FRUIT-PRESERVING.

ON the grounds that fish and fruit are "perishable" articles the two trades of Fish-Curing and Fruit-Preserving are to a certain extent exempted from the operations of the Factory Acts. In a Home Office report on the fish-curing trade, which has just been published, it is stated "that the Factory and Workshop Acts have been practically in abeyance in the fish-curing trade so far as regards the employment of women and young persons in emergency processes." This last term is sufficiently elastic to cover such "processes" as cleaning out the factory when the work is finished, making dried bloaters into bloaterpaste and washing bottles. Mr. John Ross, junr., a well-known Aberdeen employer in the trade, writing to the Women's Trade Union League on this point, says that so far from being a season trade, fish-curing goes on almost continuously. "We know girls who,

beginning at Stornoway in spring, follow the herrings with their (*sic*) merchant employers right round the coast the whole of the year and finish at Yarmouth at Christmas—and this is what they call a 'season job.'

Now, if fish-curing is not a "season job," how far is the exemption from the Factory Acts necessary? In the first place, the greater part of the fish is brought in steam trawlers, which are regular in their arrival at the docks, so that the employer knows when to expect his fish, and can easily make proper provision for it. The fish is besides preserved on board in ice, and in the opinion of many employers the difficulty of keeping it could be met by having ice-houses either connected with the curing-houses or at the markets. A still simpler means of avoiding a great press of work would be for employers to buy up only as much fish as they could deal with—that is to say, without the labour of excessive hours.

The trade then cannot strictly be called a season trade, and to exempt it, or any of its processes from the provisions of the Factory Acts, is only to give licence to the greed of manufacturers to work the women and girls employed by them for immoderately long hours, and to neglect every provision for their comfort. There are for instance no regular times for meals, the workers have to take their meals when they can—"in ten minutes if they are busy." Of course they work at all hours. It is no uncommon thing for a woman to work on till 4 a.m. on Sunday morning, or to leave off work at 1 a.m. and begin again at 4 p.m. Six in the morning till 9 at night is quite an average day's work, and women are sometimes kept all night to watch the kilns. Then again the workers are kept hanging about the fish-houses for hours, huddling in the smoke-holes for warmth. They have to be there at a certain hour whether the boats have come in or not, and these wasted hours are not paid for. The practice of employing the same girls in different localities, which has been already mentioned, is disastrous to their health, because the strain of the excessive hours is thus prolonged. Besides this they sometimes find themselves stranded, with nowhere to go. Not long since a London fish-curer imported a number of girls from Lowestoft. He made no provision for them, and consequently, quite ignorant of their locality, they had to lodge where they could. A philanthropic lady, who was engaged in good work in the neighbourhood, was so distressed at seeing them sitting on gravel heaps outside the factory eating their dinner in the rain that she started cheap meals for them. Very cheap they had to be, for the girls' earnings were so small that they could often afford only a penny for dinner.

In the case of fruit-preserving the plea for exemption sounds plausible enough. Manufacturers contend that unless overtime can be worked the fruit will go bad. As a matter of fact, however, investigation, both official on the part of factory inspectors, and unofficial on the part of the Christian Social Union and the Women's Trade Union League, has brought to light the fact that, overtime or no overtime, the use of damaged or rotting fruit is extremely common in the trade. A manufacturer buys up rotting fruit, and works all hours legal and illegal on the excuse of this exemption of his trade from the overtime clause. On the arrival of an inspector hasty precautions are taken to smuggle out of sight all compromising material. In one case, for instance, a heap of empty sacks in the corner of a room looked quite innocent, and it was only after the visit was completed that the inspector learnt from some of the girls that the sacks had hurriedly been thrown over the heap of rotting fruit on which the girls were at work. When sacks are not at hand there are simpler methods. A district visitor called in to see an old woman, who had come home ill from her work, and noticed that her clothes were covered with some sticky substance. The old woman explained that "we was doing the fruit, and it was very bad; so when the inspector came round we all had to sit on it." This manufacturer's advertisements are familiar to all of us, and his jams are familiar to most of our breakfast-tables.

The investigation into this trade that was set on foot by the Christian Social Union, in order to see how far the plea for overtime was based on reasonable grounds,

brought to light other abuses which ought to be remedied. The women and girls employed in fruit-preserving suffer greatly from the temperature and the quantity of steam. Some special provision ought also to be made when oranges and lemons are being used. Lemons are brought to the factory in brine water, and the workers get their clothes soaked through in taking them out, and have to remain in their wet things all day. In the case of oranges the more humane employers provide knives for taking out the pips. This, however, is neither compulsory nor universal; and when the girls have to use their fingers for the purpose of picking out the pips, the rapidity with which they work and the long duration of their employment almost tear off their finger nails.

To conclude—facts like these go to prove that exemptions from the Factory Acts hamper the fair employer who is anxious to employ his workers under fair conditions, and put him into unfair competition with the unscrupulous employer who is absolutely regardless of his workers except in so far as he can get the uttermost farthing's worth of profit out of them. But rather than put a few employers to some inconvenience and slightly reduce their profits, we are content that young girls should work for hours that reduce them to a state of demoralisation in which, utterly wearied out in mind and body, their one ambition becomes, in the words of a worker among some of them, "to save up enough money to go on the drink at Christmas."

M. E. S. G.

THE TRUE SHAKESPEARE.

AN ESSAY IN REALISTIC CRITICISM.—PART III.

THIS, then, is Shakespeare as he described himself in his youth in Romeo, in the middle of life's way, as Dante said, in Hamlet and Macbeth, and when standing within the shadow in Duke Prospero,—a lover of philosophies, and a student of the arts, whose power of action was sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought, and whose mind swung in too large an orbit to be capable of certitude in belief; a man of infinite kindness of heart, of great intellectual fairness, an aristocrat, in love with gentle courtesies, and above all a poet gifted with a power of expression that still seeks an equal in the world's literature. I lay stress upon his gentle sweetness of nature and his intellectual fairness, because these are the qualities which have been ignored by the critics, and which I have traced from germ to flower in the four great tragedies. Now it remains for me to prove from his other plays and poems that his portrait of himself as drawn for us in Romeo, Hamlet, Macbeth and Prospero is credible and of striking likeness. I do not pretend to have exhausted this part of my subject; my commerce with Shakespeare has been that of a lover and not that of a student, but this matters the less, as every reader will fill up for himself the gaps in my reading. Let us take first of all Shakespeare's great picture of a man of action. His Othello stands like a portrait of Velasquez painted from a simple palette, and yet aglow with a sober richness of colour. It is incontestably Shakespeare's finest play; his supreme achievement, indeed, as a playwright. If my argument be approved, Shakespeare had no intimate personal knowledge of Othello; indeed, Othello is a type of character most opposed to that of Shakespeare; the poet must, therefore, have painted the leader of men from the outside. But at the same time it should not be forgotten that Shakespeare lived in a great stir of deeds—new worlds were being opened up, and limitless possibilities hurried men of action to achievement as things are drawn by a vacuum. Shakespeare's sensitive soul had thrilled a thousand times with the exploits of a Drake, a Raleigh, an Essex; it is more than likely that he had for one or two of these heroes a personal affection. It was, in fact, as easy for a poet in the times of Elizabeth to draw a man of deeds as it would be for a creative spirit in ours to draw a millionaire or a scientist. And yet, if my contention be correct, we shall find faults and flaws in the drawing of Othello—a shallowness of conception and an economy of detail—that we do not find in the Hamlet-Macbeth.

Let us first grant everything to Othello that can be granted: Ben Jonson says of Shakespeare that he was

of "an open and free nature," and Iago uses these very words to depict Othello,—

"The Moor is of a free and open nature."

I leave it to Dr. Dryasdust to draw inferences from this coincidence, which I regard as unimportant.

It is impossible to consider "Othello" without admiring it. The beginning is so easy: the introduction of the chief characters so measured and impressive that when the action really begins, it develops and increases in speed naturally to the inevitable end. Inevitable—for the end in this case is merely the resultant of the shock of these various personalities. But if the action itself is superbly ordered, the painting of character is not less masterly. All these personages are excellently drawn, and have that amount of detail expended on them which their place in the action seems to prescribe. But there is one great difference between Othello, and those dramas, Romeo, Hamlet, Macbeth, and the Tempest, wherein Shakespeare has depicted himself as the protagonist. In the self-revealing dramas not only does Shakespeare give his hero licence to talk in and out of season, and thus hinder the development of the story, but he also allows him to occupy the whole stage without a competitor. The explanation is obvious enough. But dramatic art is to be congratulated on the fact that now and then Shakespeare left himself out of the play, for then not only does the construction of the play improve, but also the play itself grows in interest through the encounter of evenly-matched antagonists. The first thing we notice in "Othello" is that Iago is at least as important a character as Othello himself. But what would "Romeo and Juliet" be with the part of Romeo left out, or "Hamlet" without Hamlet, or "Macbeth" without Macbeth, or the "Tempest" without Prospero? I do not wish to press unduly this natural little weakness of human nature, but it certainly brings Shakespeare nearer to us, and makes him dearer, which is the exact contrary of what the ordinary critics strive after who make their heads a pedestal wherewith to increase his stature and exalt him above ordinary humanity. But let us get to the play itself. Othello's first appearance in converse with Iago in the second scene of the first act does not seem to me to deserve the praise that has been lavished on it. Though Othello knows that "boasting is (not) an honour," he nevertheless boasts himself of royal blood. It will appear later that Shakespeare's love of good blood, and belief in its wondrous efficacy, is one of his most permanent and most characteristic traits. The passage about royal descent might be left out with advantage; if these three lines are omitted Othello's pride in his own being—his "parts and perfect soul"—is far more strongly felt. But all such trivial flaws are forgotten when Brabantio enters and swords are drawn. In action the man of action is at home; how admirable is the

"Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will
rust them"

in its contemptuous irony! And when Brabantio has finished rating him Othello finds a still more perfect expression for a great man of action,—

"Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest;
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter."

Yes, the born general knows the moment to fight just as the trained boxer's hand strikes before he consciously sees the opening. In the rest of the act, too, Othello lives on this height. And when they come before the Duke, though he sees Othello first, it is Brabantio who speaks first; but when Othello does speak he reveals himself with admirable clearness and truth to nature. His pride is so deep-rooted, his self-respect so great that he respects all other dignitaries: the Senators are his "very noble and approved good masters." Every word weighed and effectual. Admirable, too, is the expression "round unvarnished tale." All this is Shakespeare's best and most sincere work, that is to say, the best dramatic work ever done by poet. But when Othello comes to tell at length how he won Desdemona, he does not keep to his character. Shakespeare, feeling certain that he has placed his hero before us in strong outlines, lets himself go, and very soon we hear Hamlet speaking and not Othello.

In "antres vast and deserts idle" I hear the poet, and when the verse swings him above the cannibals to

"... men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders."

I feel that Othello, the lover and master of realities, has deserted the firm ground of fact. But Shakespeare pulls himself in almost before he has yielded to the charm of his own words, and again we hear Othello,—

"This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline,
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence,"
and so forth.

The temptation, however, was overpowering, and again Shakespeare yields to it,—

"And often did beguile her of her tears
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered."

It is a characteristic of the man of action that he thinks lightly of reverses; he loves hard buffets as a swimmer high waves, and when he tells his life-story he does not talk of his "distress." This "distressful stroke that my youth suffered" is to me pure Hamlet—pure Shakespeare, gentle-hearted Shakespeare who pitied himself and the distressful strokes *his* youth suffered very profoundly. But I admit at once that every one will not go along with me in this; and I do not wish to deny that Shakespeare throughout has presented Othello with exceeding sincerity and truth to the dramatic fiction. What I say is that in this his masterpiece of dramatic art he now and then slips into the Hamlet voice and temper. The slips are very rare, it is true, and are retrieved by such splendid work that room is left for nothing but admiration; still the slips exist, just as they exist even in Caliban. Is it Shakespeare or Caliban that speaks in—

"Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not?"

So the whole drinking episode of Cassio which is not found by Shakespeare in Cinthio I should say was manifestly the confession of Shakespeare himself, for though admirably invented to explain Cassio's dismissal it is unduly prolonged. Consider, too, how the moral is applied by Iago to England in especial, with which country neither Iago nor the story has anything to do.

The main point, however, is that Shakespeare preserves the truth to character in Othello by not going very deeply into his character. It is a noble sketch, but after all only a sketch when compared with Hamlet or Macbeth. We know how they thought of life and death, and of all things in the world and over it; but what do we know of Othello's opinion upon the deepest matters that concern man? Did he believe even in his stories to Desdemona?—in the men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders, in what Iago calls his "fantastical lies?" This I submit is another important indication that Shakespeare drew Othello from the outside and not from his own nature. We shall soon see that his greatest dramatic creation, except the Hamlet—Macbeth, the imitable and incomparable Falstaff himself, is also drawn from the outside, but probably from a living original that Shakespeare knew intimately.

FRANK HARRIS.

(To be continued.)

IN A MOORISH GARDEN.

MY garden, although three solid miles and more from the white town, which lies opposite across the bay, has many passers by, for the high road to the mountains—if such a term is applicable to the grass-grown track—runs along my hedge.

There are many days when the traffic is small enough, and others when a long line of country folk go streaming by. Twice in the week the big market-place of Tangier fills, and it is to attend these Sunday and Thursday "sôks" that the mountaineers troop down the brush-grown rocky ways into the valley in which my garden lies. I can see them when they are yet far away—little dots of white and brown against the deep green of the hill-side; and if the air is still their voices carry from the hills above right down to me, as I prune my roses, or plant the young trees in the early morning. Scarcely has the in-going stream ceased than the returning stream begins to file by, lighter in its burdens. It is my habit whenever possible to do my marketing from

these country folk, for I have come and settled amongst them, and toward them I feel my first duty lies.

Yet it is little enough that one can buy from them—a few partridges, sometimes a hare or a wild duck, the weekly supply of charcoal for the kitchen fire, and a few skinny fowls which, like the men and women who carry them, have not an ounce of flesh to spare.

It is not in the light of commerce that the passers-by are interesting, but in all the colouring and shades of the mountain life of the people that they represent. Let us sit outside the hedge for half-an-hour, amongst the grey-green aloe spikes, and watch them pass.

A group of women, bent under their heavy loads of charcoal, are passing. In spite of the weight they carry their tongues are going glibly enough. One can even hear of what they are talking—it is the dowry of the daughter of one of them, a bride that is to be; and the discussion turns on the relative value of a pair of silver bracelets and a cow. I cannot gather whether they arrive at any decision or no, for they all talk at once without paying the slightest attention to the remarks of the others. But if I know my subject they will eventually choose the bracelets.

Even when they are far away, almost as far as the ford across the river on the sandy beach, I can still hear their shrill high-pitched voices, though they themselves are hidden from sight behind the lentiscus bushes and the aloes.

It is time we turned our attention to others, for close upon us now is a long cavalcade of men on mules and on foot, some thirty or forty in all. I know them from a distance, and already they have seen me and are leaving the track to speak a few words to me before they pass on to the town. The old Moor with the long grey beard is a sheikh of the mountaineers, and his authority extends over his tribe from Tangier almost to Ceuta and Tetuan, forty miles and more away.

Yet his dress in no manner betokens his influence or rank, for the linen shirt and brown hooded "jelab" that he wears are common to all. Perhaps his white turban is folded a little more neatly, and is of greater dimensions, than those of the other elders of the band, for the young men wear nothing on their closely shaven heads except bands of red or blue cloth, or brown cords of camel's-hair. He rides a pack saddle, as have his ancestors for generations upon generations, and over the neck of his sturdy little mule dangle his bare legs, with their yellow heelless slippers hanging from his toes. In the panniers of his pack one obtains a glimpse of his carpet and bedding, and a belt stuffed full of cartridges, while another mule is laden with a couple of sheep, a present for the Governor, or Basha, who resides in Tangier. One and all bear European rifles, Winchesters and Remingtons for the most part, and even the staid old sheikh has his own across his knees, for the ways of the native authorities are treacherous, and more than once rumour has spoken of his probable imprisonment, owing to his growing influence over the mountaineer tribes. But woe betide the men who should try to arrest the chief when his band of trusty followers are by.

They rest for a little while, and the sheikh tells me all his tribal news; but they will not come into the garden. They are late as it is, and never stay the night in town unless absolutely necessary, for there is a price on the head of more than one of his retainers. In their open country the game of life and death is fair enough, but in the narrow streets of the town the hillsmen are at a disadvantage, and at night may be caught almost like a bird in a trap.

They are off again: a little group that had waited behind to whisper the story of their latest cattle raid run to overtake the rest, leaping as they go, and throwing their rifles into the air and catching them again.

A strange figure takes their place, a wandering mendicant with unshaven head and beard—for the vow of the Nazarite is not uncommon in Morocco. Far on to his shoulders fall his black wavy locks, bound back over his forehead with a piece of rough palm string. A rough basket is slung on his back, and in his hand he bears an iron battle-axe. He is in front of me now, with eyes upturned to heaven and right hand extended, calling out "In the name of God, alms!" He gets his

little coin, and with a mumbled blessing trudges on his way. I have often tried to make him rest awhile and talk, but to no avail; the gossip of the world has no attractions for him.

Two mounted soldiers take his place. They have been, no doubt, on some errand into the mountains, for their horses are tired and mud-splashed, and their long cloaks are tinted yellow with the soil of the mountain roads. At a gallop they approach, laughing as they come, and raising their long flintlock guns over their heads as if about to play their national game, "lab el-baroud." For a few minutes they dismount and sit down, while my servants take their horses to be watered in the stable-yard. As I had surmised, they had been away to the hills to threaten with imprisonment a man whose taxes were long in arrears.

Meanwhile the stream of peasants is filing by, with their donkeys and mules, and their women bent under their heavy burdens of charcoal. Cattle, goats, sheep and fowls there are in plenty, and the sound of the human voices is mingled with the lowing of the beasts.

Then as the sun rises higher in the heavens the file grows less and less, until first one and then another of the returning peasants appears on his homeward way, and at nightfall, and often late into the night, the passers-by re-seek their mountain homes.

WALTER B. HARRIS.

WELSH POETRY.

A BOOK of "Welsh Ballads," by Ernest Rhys, which Mr. Nutt has just published, a book containing, together with much admirable original work, translations into verse of some of the finest old Welsh poems, will have answered part of its purpose if it sends readers to the old Welsh poetry itself, and to such translations as are available in Skene's "Four Ancient Books of Wales," and elsewhere. It will have done more if it points the way by its fragmentary, but at times splendid metrical versions, to a thorough dissatisfaction, in the minds of Welsh scholars, with existing translations, and a real attempt, on the part of some one who not only knows Welsh, but also English, and who has a sense of the meaning of words in poetry, to replace these translations by a translation into prose as careful as Mr. Lang's, when he translates Homer. It may also serve the further purpose of at least suggesting to those who concern themselves, for good or evil, with Celtic literature, what Celtic literature really is when it is finest; what "a reaction against the despotism of fact" really means, what "natural magic" really means, and why the phrase "Celtic glamour" is perhaps the most unfortunate that could well have been chosen to express the character of a literature which is above all things precise, concrete, definite.

Lamartine, in the preface to the "Méditations," describes the characteristics of Ossian, very justly, as "le vague, la rêverie, l'anéantissement dans la contemplation, le regard fixé sur des apparitions confuses dans le lointain;" and it is those very qualities, still looked upon by so many as the typically Celtic qualities, which prove the spuriousness of Ossian. That gaze fixed on formless and distant shadows, that losing of oneself in contemplation, that vague dreaminess, which Lamartine admired in Ossian, will be found nowhere in the "Black Book of Carmarthen," in the "Book of Taliesin," in the "Red Book of Hergest," however much a doubtful text, uncertain readings, and confusing commentators, may leave us in uncertainty as to the real meaning of many passages. Just as the true mystic is the man who sees obscure things clearly, so the Welsh poets (whom I take for the moment as representing the "Celtic note," the quality which we find in the work of primitive races) saw everything in the universe, the wind itself, under the images of mortality, hands and feet and the ways and motions of men. They filled human life with the greatness of their imagination, they ennobled it with the pride of their expectancy of noble things, they were boundless in praising and in cursing; but poetical excitement, in them, only taught them the amplitude and splendour of real things. A chief is an eagle, a serpent, the bull of battle, an oak; he is the strength of the ninth wave, an uplifted pillar of wrath, impetuous as the fire through a chimney; the ruddy reapers of war are his desire. The heart of

Cyndyllan was like the ice of winter, like the fire of spring ; the horses of Geraint are ruddy ones, with the assault of spotted eagles, of black eagles, of red eagles, of white eagles ; an onset in battle is like the roaring of the wind against the ashen spears. These poets are the poets of "tumults, shouting, swords, and men in battle-array." The sound of battle is heard in them ; they are "where the ravens screamed over blood ;" they are among "crimsoned hair and clamorous sorrow ;" they praise "war with the shining wing," and they know all the piteousness of the death of heroes, the sense of the "delicate white body," "the lovely, slender, blood-stained body," that will be covered with earth, and sand, and stones, and nettles, and the roots of the oak. They know too the piteousness of the hearth left desolate, the hearth that will be covered with nettles, and slender brambles, and thorns, and dock-leaves, and scratched up by fowls, and turned up by swine. And they praise the gentleness of strength and courage : "he was gentle, with a hand eager for battle." Women are known chiefly as the widows and the "sleepless" mothers of heroes ; rarely so much esteemed as to be a snare, rarely a desire, rarely a reward : "a soft herd." They praise drunkenness for its ecstasy, its uncalculating generosity, and equal with the flowing of blood in battle, and the flowing of mead in the hall, is the flowing of song. They have the haughtiness of those who, if they take rewards, "ale for the drinking, and a fair homestead, and beautiful clothing," give rewards : "I am Taliesin, who will repay thee thy banquet."

And they have their philosophy, always a close, vehemently definite thing, crying out for precise images, by which alone it can apprehend the unseen. Taliesin knows that "man is oldest when he is born, and is younger and younger continually." He wonders where man is when he is sleeping, and where the night waits until the passing of day. He is astonished that books have not found out the soul, and where it resides, and the air it breathes, and its form and shape. He thinks, too, of the dregs of the soul, and debates what is the best intoxication for its petulance and wonder and mockery. And, in a poem certainly late, or interpolated with fragments of a Latin hymn, he uses the eternal numeration of the mystics, and speaks of "the nine degrees of the companies of heaven, and the tenth, saints a preparation of sevens ;" numbers that are "clean and holy." And even in poems plainly Christian there is a fine simplicity of imagination ; as when, at the day of judgment, an arm reaches out, and hides the sea and the stars ; or when Christ, hanging on the cross, laments that the bones of his feet are stretched with extreme pain.

It is this sharp physical apprehension of things that really gives its note to Welsh poetry : a sense of things felt and seen, so intense, that the crutch on which an old man leans becomes the symbol of all the bodily sorrow of the world. In the poem attributed to Llywarch Hen there is a fierce, loud complaint, in which mere physical sickness and the intolerance of age translate themselves into a limitless hunger, and into that wisdom which is the sorrowful desire of beauty. The cuckoos at Aber Cuawg, singing "clamorously" to the sick man : "there are that hear them that will not hear them again !" the sound of the large wave grating sullenly on the pebbles,—

"The birds are clamorous ; the strand is wet :

Clear is the sky ; large the wave :

The heart is palsied with longing :"

all these bright, wild outcries, in which wind and wave and leaves and the song of the cuckoo speak the same word, as if all came from the same heart of things ; and, through it all, the remembrance : "God will not undo what he is doing" ; have indeed, and supremely, the "Celtic note." "I love the strand, but I hate the sea," says the "Black Book of Carmarthen," and in all these poems we find a more than mediæval hatred of winter and cold (so pathetic, yet after all so temperate, in the Latin students' songs), with a far more unbounded hatred of old age and sickness and the disasters which are not bred in the world, but are a blind part of the universe itself ; older than the world, as old as chaos, out of which the world was made.

Yet, wild and sorrowful as so much of this poet

is, with its praise of slaughter and its lament over death, there is much also of a gentler beauty, a child-like saying over of wind and wave and the brightness in the tops of green things, as a child counts over its toys. In the "Song of Pleasant Things" there is no distinction between the pleasantness of sea-gulls playing, of summer and slow long days, of the heath when it is green, of a horse with a thick mane in a tangle, and of "the word that utters the Trinity." "The beautiful I sang of, I will sing," says Taliesin ; and with him the seven senses become in symbol "fire and earth, and water and air, and mist and flowers, and southerly wind." And touches of natural beauty come irrelevantly into the most tragical places, like the "sweet apple-tree of delightful branches" in that song of battles and of the coming of madness, where Myrddin says : "I have been wandering so long in darkness and among spirits that it is needless now for darkness and spirits to lead me astray." The same sense of the beauty of earth and of the elements comes into those mysterious riddle-rhymes, not so far removed from the riddle-rhymes which children say to one another in Welsh cottages to this day : "I have been a tear in the air, I have been the dullest of stars ; I was made of the flower of nettles, and of the water of the ninth wave ; I played in the twilight, I slept in purple ; my fingers are long and white, it is long since I was a herdsman."

And now, after looking at these characteristics of Welsh poetry, look at Ossian and that "gaze fixed on formless and distant shadows," which seemed so impressive and so Celtic to Lamartine. "In the morning of Saturday," or "On Sunday, at the time of dawn, there was a great battle :" that is how the Welsh poet tells you what he had to sing about. And he tells you, in his definite way, more than that ; he tells you : "I have been where the warriors were slain, from the East to the North, and from the East to the South : I am alive, they are in their graves !" It is human emotion reduced to its elements ; that instinct of life and death, of the mystery of all that is tangible in the world, of its personal meaning, to one man after another, age after age, which in every age becomes more difficult to feel simply, more difficult to say simply. "I am alive, they are in their graves !" and nothing remains to be said in the face of that immense problem. Well, the Welsh poet leaves you with his thought, and that simple emphasis of his seems to us now so large and remote and impressive, just because it was once so passionately felt, and set down as it was felt. And so with his sense for nature, with that which seems like style in him ; it is a wonderful way of trusting instinct, of trusting the approaches of natural things. He says, quite simply : "I was told by a sea-gull that had come a great way," as a child would tell you now. And when he tells you that "Cynon rushed forward with the green dawn," it is not what we call a figure of speech : it is his sensitive, literal way of seeing things. More definite, more concrete, closer to the earth and to instinctive emotion than most other poets, the Welsh poet might have said of himself, in another sense than that in which he said it of Alexander : "What he desired in his mind he had from the world."

ARTHUR SYMONS.

LIFE ASSURANCE DEVELOPMENTS.—V.

TONTINE POLICIES.

A NOTHER development in life insurance that has been gaining increasing popularity in recent years is the tontine system of dealing with profits. From a life insurance point of view it seems to us an unsatisfactory system and one which should be avoided rather than encouraged. "Tontine" is derived from a Neapolitan named Lorenzo Tonti, who lived about the middle of the seventeenth century. His plan was that a number of people should club together, each paying a specified sum, the interest upon the fund being divided annually among the subscribers who were living. At the commencement of such a scheme the interest received was small, but the last survivors fared exceedingly well, as witness the case of a widow in France who shortly before her death was receiving an annual income of £3062 in return for an original single payment of £12 10s. Facts of this latter sort naturally attracted subscribers to the

numerous tontine schemes that were promoted, but when it came to be recognised that the promoters of the scheme received the whole of the capital subscribed the attractiveness of the schemes rapidly diminished. They finally merged into unmistakable lotteries and were ultimately prohibited by law. But the human race is charmingly reluctant to profit by other people's experience, and the tontine system has reappeared in a modified form, freed, it is true, from some of its worst features, but still an essentially gambling process tacked on to the inherently anti-gambling system of life insurance.

The way in which the system is worked nowadays is that the "face value" of the policy, say £1000, is guaranteed at death, and the bonuses are reserved for such of the assured as survive the fixed tontine period, say of twenty years. The fundamental idea of life assurance is that by combination people are able to avoid the financial loss incurred by premature death, whereas the tontine system works on the principle that, so far as bonuses are concerned, premature death shall involve financial loss. We may conveniently split the premium on a tontine policy into two parts. Thus, suppose it costs £27 to insure the payment of £1000 at death with tontine profits to those who survive twenty years, and that it costs £22 to insure £1000 at death without any profits at all. There is a difference of £5 a year which is paid for the benefit of receiving tontine profits; if the insurer dies within twenty years he gets no greater benefit for £27 a year than he would have obtained for £22 a year. He has paid £5 annually for the chance of receiving profits which in consequence of his early death he did not, as a matter of fact, obtain. Clearly he is investing his £22 on one principle and his £5 on a diametrically opposite principle. The £22 may be considered as a bet in favour of dying soon, the £5 may be considered a bet in favour of living long. The former is life insurance; the latter is gambling. If people want to gamble, by all means let them; but if they pay the extra £5 a year with the idea that it is purchasing life assurance they are obviously making a mistake.

This is an objection to the system based on principle, in regard to which every insurer can choose for himself whether he likes the principle or not; there are, however, considerations of details which show that the system is disadvantageous on other grounds. The most familiar and pronounced form in which the system is worked is that of the American offices and of certain English offices who issue policies on American lines. It is of apparent advantage to an office whose bonuses are small and decreasing to adopt the tontine system, whereby bonuses are deferred, and no declaration need be made for many years of poor results that give rise to adverse criticism. The American offices, and some British imitators, when adopting the tontine system under circumstances of this kind, have issued estimates of tontine bonuses by which insurers have been induced to take policies, only to find, when the declaration of bonuses is made, that the results fall very far short of the estimates given to them when the policy was issued. The adoption of the tontine system is a means of disguising the meagreness of bonuses, and at the same time of holding forth attractive results, and leaving a remote future to deal with the disappointment and disgust to which their non-realisation gives rise. The adoption of the tontine plan should therefore be looked upon with suspicion, especially in the case of companies whose triennial or quinquennial bonuses are small and decreasing. So much has been said about the diminution of bonuses in American offices that it is fairly well known that their results are much less than formerly, and whether the adoption of the tontine system was the consequence of falling bonuses, or merely an accompaniment of them, there is no need for us to say. Similarly, when we see that the Gresham, with its reversionary addition of 6s. per cent. per annum in 1891 and 4s. per cent. per annum in 1895, as compared with reversionary additions of 30s., 40s. or 50s. by other companies, adopts the tontine system under the title of "Capitalised Profits," we can form our own opinion as to whether the new departure is a consequence or only an accompaniment of its poor and diminishing bonuses.

The London and Lancashire, again, declared a bonus of 20s. to 30s. per cent. per annum in 1887, which was reduced to 10s. per cent. in 1892. It also has adopted the tontine system, under the title of "Contingent Bonuses," the receipt of profit being contingent upon surviving the selected tontine period. Thus the adoption of the tontine plan is a convenient if somewhat transparent method of disguising the poverty of bonus results.

A further benefit to companies whose bonuses are poor is to be found in the difficulty of comparing their tontine profits with the more frequently distributed bonuses of other offices. It is, in the majority of cases, impossible to estimate what tontine bonus is really equivalent to a certain amount of profit distributed at more frequent intervals, but the New York Life has for more than twenty years made returns to the Board of Trade showing its annual bonuses, which may be compared with its tontine bonuses. From this it appears that a twenty-year tontine bonus should be some two and a quarter to two and a half times as much as the bonuses distributed annually, or as a bonus allotted every five years, with intermediate annual bonuses in the event of death between the declarations of bonus. Here then is a rough measure of the relative values of annual and tontine bonuses. Where the tontine period is twenty years the tontine bonuses ought to be two and a half times as much as a bonus distributed at more frequent intervals. When measured in this way it will be found that tontine bonuses as a rule compare very poorly with the annual bonuses of the best offices. If so tested very few tontine bonuses "show up" well; but if the relative values of the two sorts of bonuses are ignored everything looks all right, for an office, by the adoption of the tontine system, can ostensibly increase its bonuses to two and a half times the amount it would otherwise show. It will thus be seen that for many reasons tontine policies should be avoided. They are opposed to the fundamental principles of life insurance; they disguise the poverty of bonuses and offer temptations to inferior offices to postpone the declaration of bad results, while making possible the issue of exaggerated estimates. It is to be hoped that the best British offices will not be induced to follow the fashion which is being set by American companies and some inferior British offices, and to adopt a system that is opposed to the best interests of assurers and that lends itself to unfair treatment of policy-holders at the hands of a not too scrupulous management.

GRIFFELKUNST.

AT Messrs. Obach's, in Cockspur Street, a very large collection has been on view of Max Klinger's etchings and engravings, out of the vast number of examples of the art that he has christened Griffelkunst. He has expounded his views on this art of his in a pamphlet, to the main effect that painting being more realistic than drawing in virtue of the addition of colour ought to aim at realism and realism only; that subject is therefore indifferent in painting, and thought out of place. Drawing on the other hand being out of competition in the matter of reality and freed from its challenge, may properly devote itself to the expression of thought by all the devices of symbolism which it can intermix with its representation. I hesitate to enter on the discussion of all the fallacies that yawn greedily round such a statement. The reasonable part of it appears to be that when in drawing wit enters as the main subject, or a desire to make a point of thought, or the aim of illustrating a narrative exclusively for the sake of its drama, or to express views on human life, colour is a superfluity and a distraction. Colour is a mode of feeling, not of thought, and if it wins us over, it will win us away from the sharp thinking attitude. We see the mistake most clearly when we think of a joke being painted. In deciding for black and white, then, as his medium rather than painting, the author makes a choice which no one will be disposed to dispute, but he has contrived at the same time to give us a certain misgiving as to the profundity of his thought. Those who make the greatest claim for the intellectual and moral significance of their designs are sometimes found to be the most empty when they are taken at their word. A

man with an uncertain grasp of the elements of expression in drawing is most anxious to crowd in significance by allusion since he cannot convey by direct images his feeling of the world, and sees before him only unmeaning realism if he does not hang on significance by means of symbols. This is true to some degree of Klinger. He has an extraordinary technical dexterity, and the natural goal against which he rebels would seem to be a high degree of superficial realism, the working out of surface modelling, of textures, gradations of tone. He grasps the bearings of style uncertainly: for example the work of Goya has evidently been under his eyes; but that magnificent system of forcible graphic expression in line and tone that Goya perfected in his combination of etching with aquatint slips through Klinger's hands, and drifts away into one method among many of representing textures. In fact, as one might wickedly expect from the announcement in his programme, a chief feature of his etching is its indulgence in all manner of unnecessary realism. Instead of limiting himself to bare expressive elements, he elaborates, so that by a curious revenge of his own work on the theorist, his engravings look *as if they had been executed after pictures*. Little things are often significant as to the state of a man's mind. In one of these plates we find a sky naturalistically conceived and treated, but on looking closer discover a curious disposition of the engraved lines so that they make a faint tapestry pattern across the natural forms as if a patterned tissue paper had come off upon the plate. It is an ingenuity, a curiosity of technique, but an absolute contradiction in style, and points to a certain muddle-headedness.

Let us look then, as we are formally challenged to do, at the significance of these plates. Mr. Pennell writes an introduction to the catalogue as a eulogist of Klinger, but I observe with sympathy a certain war in his members as he comes to praise him. He evidently admires his command of technique and also bits of modern actuality, such as the railway in the Death series—a feature to which he always attaches much importance. But he swallows the "thought" with something of a gulp, and indemnifies himself by lashing out at other symbolists. "In England," he says, "the mysticism of to-day means misery, soulfulness and sadness; in Germany, idealism, which is the same thing, means gladness, life, joyousness, gaiety, though at times it is dramatic." There are several points in this sentence that are puzzling, such as the opposition of "dramatic" to the adjectives that precede, but the point I wish to make by way of clearing the air is that so far as I can see there is nothing "mystic" from beginning to end in Klinger. Blake was a mystic, Rossetti was a mystic; Klinger in the "Ovid" series makes a jest of the "Metamorphoses," in the "Glove" series he depicts a series of nightmares following the incident that a man picks up a Handschuh at a Rollschuh-Fahrbahn, and takes it to bed with him; in the first Death series he illustrates from various cases that death waits for all of us round the corner; in the second he summarises this fact in several typical instances, and then turns for consolation to the thought that there is beauty in nature; in the "Mother" and the Harlot's "Life" he is dramatic after the manner of Hogarth, varying the second, however, by a denouement in the manner of Mr. John Davidson. The Brahms-Rhapsody illustrates the myth of Prometheus Bound and Unbound. "Eve and the Future" is a dark business, but from the reluctance of the prophet to say what it means, and the halting explanations of his disciples, Messrs. Avenarius and Singer, I fancy there is nothing much in it. On the whole, then, there appears to be no mystic philosophy, but first a joke, then pure fantasy, then macabre images, with a revulsion to another mood, then moral stories, then the illustration of a legend. But if not mystic, the plates are often enough mysterious in the sense of being difficult to understand, and this is the result not of depth of thought, but of the adoption of a wrong medium or the lack of a text or legend; in the "Eve and the Future," perhaps of mystification over platitudes.

But let us take the series on which most stress is laid by the commentators, that called "A Life," and ask what amount of significance it has. Hogarth had

already drawn a "Harlot's Progress," which has always been regarded as a deeply moral work. It unquestionably has a moral, but not one touching the essence of the woman's life at all. It is the moral that would apply to the broken-down tradesman, artist, or any other case when the faculties or talents for earning a living are worn out. The moral is merely Waste not, Want not; that a thriftless life will end in discomfort or misery. Klinger wants to illustrate a moral somewhat more important than that; his prostitute is to pass through a revulsion of feeling against her calling, to be "converted" and redeemed. But struggling in a medium in which it is impossible really to deal with such a subject, since explanations of what passes in the woman's mind are necessary, he is driven to suggesting the same motive as Hogarth had suggested for repentance, namely, that the woman is no longer attractive, has come down to the streets, is cast out and miserable. To have any moral value a revulsion should have taken place while the life was still pleasant and possible; but this was too difficult for the draughtsman, and he can only give us a flat series of outward events, explicable in a score of ways, and ending without explanation beyond what the onlooker may provide, in a sudden translation to Paradise. The plates give us none of the motives, nothing of the character—therefore no moral. They are insignificant without an accompanying text. Nor do the pictures make up in the impressiveness of their delineation for their absolute want of moral significance. Some are better, some worse; the ballet-dancer is ludicrous as an image of seduction; it merely fills the place of so many words: "Then she went on the stage." How oddly a little bit of ordinary thought that can get itself expressed takes an immense importance in this ingeniously mistaken art is shown by the plate devoted to a woman pulling chestnuts out of the fire. The intention is obvious, once the portentous scene has been deciphered, but fancy hailing a man as a moral thinker because he has contrived to impose a reflection so ordinary and easy for language upon an etching plate! Mr. Pennell, in his divided state of mind, pays the moralist a very dubious compliment. He has begun by saying that this distinguished artist has perfectly expressed all his thoughts, his beliefs, his passions, his hopes and fears in etching; then he rounds on him at the end like this: "Though he tells the story or preaches the sermon, it is not for the subject we value his work, it is not because of the moral lesson we object to it, but it is because of the intense dramatic feeling, the wonderful imagination, the beautiful realism and the remarkable technical accomplishment that one pronounces these etchings to be great Works of Art." I do not understand how the dramatic feeling or imagination can be displayed except in expressing their subject, and enforcing their moral, and I can figure the artist's blank face when all that he claims for his art is thus lightly thrown out of the window, and only the "beautiful realism" left, which he had expressly handed over to Painting. It is as if one told a Bishop that he had a splendid delivery and a pretty fancy and a knack of hitting off descriptions, but that no one would take the subject of his sermon seriously. What, again, does this mean? "While the English Pre-Raphaelites—mystics knowing their weakness—fall back upon the Middle Ages for support and for subjects, Klinger will show you the same idealism, the same dramatic conception applied to the life around him." Does it mean mediæval subjects like "The Awakened Conscience," "The Hireling Shepherd," "Found," or modern subjects like Ovid's "Metamorphoses," "Cupid and Psyche," "Prometheus"? And again: "What Klinger does that no other modern idealist before him has done is to make you feel, to transport you to the scenes and the lands he wants you to see. If his Centaurs fight at the foot of great mountains they are not the mountains of the past, and the Centaurs are not creatures of another age." The mountains must be very unusual mountains if they are not mountains of the past, and the Centaurs rare if they are Centaurs of the present. See to what special pleading a man is driven when he has to defend a favourite against his cherished principles!

I have been forced to a somewhat negative and

grudging attitude towards Klinger's talent by the claims of deep thought and significance advanced for him by his admirers. When he escapes from the traps into which he enters with the determination to be profound, his art shows both ability and feeling, if not of the first order. Thus the second series of "Death" gives us the contrast of two subjects, one well within the limits of expression between the four corners of a plate, the other unintelligible save by reference to the cicerone in the gallery. This last is explained as the temptation of the human spirit by Fame. A much more natural reading of the action of the scene would be to suppose that the latter figure was being tempted by a John the Baptist to go forth into the wilderness. But alongside of this is the really fine conception of the dead mother with the living child on her breast. The death of the one is enhanced by the stiff, solemn setting, and this again throws into relief the little living creature. Of such a composition thought is born; it is not lugged in as an outside thing referred to with difficulty. The "Accorde" again, and "Evocation" of the Brahms series are a fine image of the power of music — the deep that begins to boil with living creatures as the first notes are struck, and sends up its monstrous harp and player to join in the piece: there is a real fling and emotion in these two; indeed the sea seldom enters into these plates without effect. The general impression left on my mind by a study of the collection was that of a man of fanciful ingenuity and technical address who sought refuge from the platitude of the world as he saw it, from the model who obstinately remained a model under his fingers, by helping them out with all manner of outside allusive matter, but who occasionally saw the plastic image form itself, expressive if rather uncouth, before his eyes.

D. S. M.

THE OLD-WORLD MUSIC.

ON Friday evening of last week Mr. Dolmetsch terminated his "Lent" series of concerts of the old music, at 7 Bayley Street, with an entertainment which, judging from what I heard of it, must have been quite the most delightful he has yet given. The wintry night was partly responsible, I presume, for the diminutive audience; for no one with a particle of common sense will come through a hurly-burly of wind and sleet to a concert, and only the folk who really like music and are enthusiastic about it can be induced to turn out. Still, allowing for that, with so excellent a programme, and such excellent artists to render it, one might have expected a larger crowd. Is London, under the genial and inspiriting patronage of the Academics, really getting behind the provinces in enthusiasm and musical culture? In the great manufacturing towns of the north Mr. Dolmetsch counts his audience by thousands; they are delighted with the harpsichord and viols; and the newspapers report him and criticise him at huge length. In London his audience must be counted by tens; they — saving the few enthusiasts — say his entertainments are not at all bad; and for the most part the daily newspapers pay no attention whatever to him. The "Times" used to be an honourable exception. But in an unlucky hour I told the truth about Mr. Maitland's perversion of Purcell's "King Arthur," and I am afraid Mr. Dolmetsch must also have let slip the fact that the part written for him by Mr. Maitland was so bad, so utterly unplayable — it contained notes that never were on any harpsichord — that Richter authorised Mr. Dolmetsch to rewrite it. Since then the "Times" has been silent about the Dolmetsch concerts; when Mr. Dolmetsch and his party appeared at the Ballad concerts they were contemptuously alluded to as "some performers," and were sneered at because they adopted a suggestion made by the "Times" critic himself the year before. Far be it from me to hint at there being any connexion between the two things; but some trifling explanation would not be amiss; for the present state of affairs does not precisely justify the ordinary man in accepting Mr. Walter's pathetic belief that no one on the "Times" would be guilty of indulging his private feelings in its columns. It is only fair to say, however, that Mr. Dolmetsch is not a halfpenny the worse for the generous attitude of the "Times." He cheerfully proceeds with the building of his clavichords, spinets

and the rest; his concerts, if they have not been properly patronised during this season, draw at any rate a sufficient number of the elect to enable the work to go on; and if an appeal is made to the truly musical of London to give more support to the next series it will undoubtedly be better attended. We cannot do without Mr. Dolmetsch. A knowledge of the old music is as essential to a musical man as a knowledge of the poetry before Shelley and Keats is to a literary man; for, lacking that knowledge, one is apt to talk, as some of the critics of the daily papers and the professors in the music-schools do talk, about music beginning with Bach or even with Haydn. We may actually think that it did begin with Haydn or with Bach. By reconstructing the old instruments and playing the old music as it was intended to be played Mr. Dolmetsch has shown us to what an astounding extent our musical history is compact of fibs begotten in ignorance; and if only in the interests of truth he should be supported by those whose business it is to educate the young idea. In Germany Mr. Dolmetsch would long ere now have been appointed a professor or lecturer in one of the big music-schools and directed to tell all that he knows about the facts of musical history. Our English schools, wishing to preserve a simple faith in Burney, Macfarren, Hullah and all the old gang, offer him no appointment, though it is probable that one would quickly be offered if he would give an undertaking not to discredit the gods of English music. All our Academics profess a tremendous reverence for Bach; and so anxious are they that the rising generation shall know how his music should sound that a clavichord made by Mr. Dolmetsch for the Royal College of Music stands in a kind of museum there, unplayed, untuned, unremembered. But it is obvious, of course, that any one, by looking at the instrument, and reading the usual account of its being an imperfect predecessor of the piano, can, if he wishes, form a clear and accurate notion of the effect of, say, Bach's Forty-eight when played upon it. Perhaps the Royal College students, and indeed the students at every other music-school in this country, are at this moment forming such clear and accurate notions; and I am perfectly sure they will hand on those notions to their pupils and their pupils' pupils. Thus does the great "cause" of music prosper in England; thus by never admitting that we were wrong about anything do we prove how very right we always were. Incidentally we are spending thousands per year in teaching our musical young men and women a wretched pack of lies evolved from the vain imaginations of pedants; and we are cutting off those young men and women from the enjoyment of a large body of very noble and beautiful music. But what does that matter so long as our professors draw their salaries and grow fat — in some cases exceedingly fat — on them? What indeed are our music-schools for?

To be perfectly honest, I care no more than the veriest pedant about the bare facts of musical history. It really matters little whether the average English musician believes that music began with Bach or with Noah; the average English musician is a grocer and no amount of accurate knowledge will make an artist of him; wherefore the further he goes wrong the better he pleases me. But that any one should be unable to enjoy the music of the old world, to get at the heart of the life of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries — this is lamentable. And to understand the old music it is not sufficient to read it, or to fancy how it sounded on an instrument one has never heard. Even Handel's comparatively late "Lascia chio pianga" demands the accompaniment of strings and harpsichord before its magical touching beauty is apparent; and much of Purcell's music and most of the old dances, when played on viols and spinet, sound as different from what one might expect as English sounds from Chinese. To play this old stuff on the piano is often to recite a Chinese translation of English verse; and its lack of meaning is not surprising. But what is unintelligible on the piano — that is, in Chinese — is perfectly clear on the spinet — that is, in English. Then one begins slowly to realise that there is as much difference between the seventeenth-century music and the music of the eighteenth century as between the eighteenth-century music and the music of to-day. At first the

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music of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries appears all alike; the distinctive characteristics are veiled by the common quality of a seeming intense sadness; one seems always to hear in it a faint wail of the dead for the life they have lost. Yet with a little familiarity that faint wail grows still fainter and fainter in our ears (though it never ceases to be audible), and we hear the voices of the old composers as clearly as we hear the voice of Tschaikowsky or Wagner. The eighteenth-century music alone remains entirely melancholy, full of dissatisfied longing; it is more ancient than anything written in the seventeenth century; between Purcell and Mozart there is no light to be found in music, and even in Mozart there is none of Purcell's glorious healthy sense of the open air and flowers and the fresh winds of heaven. Music only got back to Purcell's attitude of equality with nature, and love of nature, with Wagner, and then by the morbid, circuitous route of Weber and Mendelssohn. They also got the open-air sense into their music, but there is none of Purcell's gladness in it; they heard the weird voice of nature calling out of desolate marshy places; nature was to them Erda, the witch and mother of witches, frightful, ruthless, but beautiful. Purcell's gladness and delight in the world's beauty was shared by his contemporaries and many of his predecessors, though he had by very far the largest share. In many of the early pieces played by Mr. Dolmetsch there is a simple pleasure in life from which we are as far now as we are from the mere innocent naive beauty of the music of that time; when it is sad it is sad without our modern resentment or dread—without a hint of Beethoven's defiance, resistance and kicking against the pricks, or of Schubert's tears. Yet who can confound Purcell with Matthew Locke, Matthew with Corelli (who indeed had much of the eighteenth century in him)? Each composer speaks in his natural voice, has his own idiosyncrasies of expression, his prevailing moods and cast of mind. Later came the academicism, pedanticism, formalism, of the eighteenth century; and the old simple pleasure in life and loveliness was lost. The music of that time—and in spite of Bach's magnificence I must include Bach's—makes one think that the lives of men must have been like the rooms they lived in—low-roofed, gloomy, thick-walled, with small diamond-paned windows looking out into the narrow streets. There is no sunshine in it, no joy; the divorce between nature and humanity seemed complete; man had forgotten the source of his life, his health, and his happiness. A Great Authority—He was at least a Baronet—told Bozzy that He preferred the smell of a torch in the play-house to the sweetest fragrance of a hedgerow in June; and not only Bozzy, but the whole of eighteenth-century humanity, was content to accept the Great Authority's obiter dictum. Handel once or twice broke bounds, and gave us the helter-skelter patter of the rain, or the roar of the surf and the very sight of waves splashing in the sunlight; but Bach never left the cloister; and Haydn, painting the creation of things, lets there be light only as sunlight might be imagined in the study by those who have always lived in the light of the lamp. Still, within the formal limits accepted at the time, there is endless beauty to be found in the eighteenth-century music, provided it is rightly interpreted; besides the big men, the known men, there were dozens of smaller ones capable of writing stuff better, more lovely, more expressive, than anything our best men write to-day. The yearning sadness, the perpetual sense of the emptiness and weariness of life, must be accepted as an inseparable part of last-century feeling; after all, it was painfully sincere then, and it is not unpleasant now if one avoids taking it in too large quantities.

Of last Friday's concert—that is, of what I heard of it—not much can be said after all that has appeared in these columns on the subject before. A lady with a beautiful voice, not too well trained, sang Bach's "Enbarne dich," and Mr. Powell gave "Komm, Süsses Kreuz," like the former song, from the Matthew Passion, superbly. In the latter, Miss Dolmetsch's handling of the viol da gamba obbligato was fine; but the room was too small to let the thing make quite its full and proper effect.

I am sorry to hear of the death of Anton Seidl. He was a competent if not a great conductor, and a most agreeable man. In London—and, it would seem, in New York—he indulged his inclination towards original readings of Wagner's music, not hesitating to ruin even the miraculous *cor anglais* melody of the third act of "Tristan," rather than play it in the customary manner. When he did that here I attacked him with some viciousness. When we met at Bayreuth, however, we became quite friendly, and debated religion, politics, philosophy, music, the universe and other matters without either understanding what the other said. He was not at all well pleased with the treatment he received at the hands of the English press; and when I confessed myself to be the author of some notices to which he took especial objection he was intensely amused. I asked him whether he had ever thought of taking a libel action against the American critics who mauled him on every possible occasion; and he replied with some vehemence that he was a musician and not a blackguard. Then it was my turn to be amused. At Bayreuth he conducted much better than in England; he took no unjustifiable liberties, and secured greater breadth and balance of tone. How America will get on without him cannot be foreseen; and his death will cause, I imagine, some considerable alteration in Mr. Schulz-Curtius's opera scheme. J. F. R.

MR. HEINEMANN AND THE CENSOR.

"Summer Moths." A Play in Four Acts. By William Heinemann. London: Lane. 1898.

I WONDER whether Mr. William Heinemann is the coming dramatist. He tells us that he submitted "Summer Moths" to a critic "peerless among those who sit to judge." This gentleman expressed astonishment at the relentless morality of the play, and assured Mr. Heinemann that it "fulfilled unquestionably the Aristotelean *katharotic*." On the evidence of this opinion I make bold to denounce this peerless person, however illustrious, as a polite humbug. There is no relentless morality whatever about "Summer Moths"; and the tenderest soul may take it in without experiencing any cathartic effects. Furthermore, it is a play which confesses to a quite exceptional lack of specific talent. It is not adroitly constructed; it is not witty; it shows no mastery of language—not even ordinary fluency; and it deals with common sorts of common men and women without venturing on a single stroke of rare individual personality. This is why the peerless one was driven into pompous evasion and Greek literature in his obvious effort to spare the author's feelings.

So much, and no less, any artist-critic must say for the relief of his starving soul after a meal of "Summer Moths." But he does not thereby dispose of the play in the least; on the contrary, he only lays bare the secret of its importance. If Mr. Heinemann were an artist of brilliant and facile specific theatrical talent, he would do what our popular dramatists do: that is, pour another kettle-full of water on the exhausted tea-leaves of romance and idealism, and make the pale decoction palatable by all sorts of in nutritive sweets and spices and effervescents and stimulants. Luckily, he is as incapable of doing this as Millet was of painting like Bouguereau or Fortuny. Under these circumstances one may ask, Why write plays at all? As the elder Dumas said, it is so easy not to write them. But this position, carefully considered, will be found to apply just as forcibly to Dumas himself, or to Shakespear, or Ibsen, as to Mr. Heinemann. All art is gratuitous; and the will to produce it, like the will to live, must be held to justify itself. When that will is associated with brilliant specific talent for the established forms and attractions of fine art, no advance is made, because the artist can distinguish and satisfy himself by novel, witty and touching rehandlings of the old themes. If Wagner had possessed the astonishing specific talent of Mozart, or Mr. George Meredith that of Dickens, they would not have been forced to make a revolution in their art by lifting it to a plane on which it developed new and extraordinary specific talents in themselves, and revealed the old specific talents to them as mere hindrances. A critic who has not learned this from the nineteenth century has learned nothing. Such a one,

The Saturday Review

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

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SUPPLEMENT.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

THE PROBLEM OF INDIAN FAMINE.

[PUBLISHED THIS WEEK.]

"Through the Famine Districts of India." By F. H. S. Merewether. London: Innes.

THE large number of English people who have generously subscribed towards the relief of the Indian famine may be safely and advantageously directed to the work which has been lately published by Mr. Merewether, Special Commissioner of Reuter's Agency. It describes his tour through the famine-stricken districts, from Bombay, through Berar and the Central Provinces, the North-West Provinces, the Punjab, and several of the Native States. He steadily pursued his way, inspecting orphanages, relief works and food depôts, and was received everywhere with the courtesy and willingness to impart information which distinguish English officials who have nothing to conceal, and who court publicity as the best means of obtaining public sympathy and assistance for the distressed and impoverished people. Mr. Merewether's book is not distinguished by grace of style, and has evidently been compiled from rough memoranda and records hastily written during a painful and laborious journey; but it bears the impress of fairness and an honest endeavour to ascertain clearly and report truly the events which he was directed to chronicle. To those who stay comfortably at home in England, and can only contribute their money to relieve some small portion of the burthen of misery which weighs upon Indian humanity, this unofficial record paints the horrors of the situation more vividly, and in a more readable form, than the most carefully weighed reports and statistics of official pens. From this book can be realised, what is indeed very hard of realisation by the stay-at-home Englishman, the vast area with which famine relief had to deal; the great number of people, far exceeding the population of these islands, directly threatened with starvation; the immensity of the burden laid on the directing English officials; and the supreme triumph of organization, intelligence and devotion, best exemplified by the system adopted in the North-Western Provinces, which is admitted by this unofficial observer to have been absolutely incapable of improvement.

It is rather on the greater and deeper problems of famine relief than on its sad details that we propose to make some observations to-day. What, in the first place, is to be the future progress or final catastrophe of an administrative machine which, deliberately and in possession of full knowledge and intelligence, sets itself to oppose the blind processes of nature? Will the word famine, in time, by means of improved agriculture, a quadrupled crop, the progress of civilisation, and the spread of the Malthusian doctrine, together with a perfected system of communications, be altogether eliminated from the official dictionary; or will the British administration, its officials, their legislation and their good intentions, be overwhelmed and blotted out beneath the helpless crowd of beings whom their scientific methods have created as certainly and directly as the forced bloom in a hot-house is produced by the gardener? Those who regard the question with that impassiveness which belongs to remoteness and disassociation from the living facts of Indian polity will be disposed to believe that man must inevitably be worsted in an encounter with nature, and that famine, like epidemic disease, like the hurricane or the earthquake, is merely the automatic action of nature to remedy an evil, to restore a balance, or to correct an average. As the illness of an individual is due to a wilful or unconscious disregard of those physical laws which ensure its healthy being, so famine and pestilence are the means used, in the same manner though on a different scale, to correct the weaknesses or crimes of communities. The sad and disheartening matter in this question of Indian famine is that the only remedy by which we could assist instead of opposing the operations of nature, cannot be applied to the Indian people by a British administration. The poverty of India is not caused, as Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji and other week-kneed economists would have us believe, by the drain of

Indian wealth to England. The larger this stream, the larger has been the fertilising silt which, like the Nile, it has left behind it in India. The poverty of that country is due to a perverse religious law which makes it essential to the salvation of every Hindoo to possess a son who shall perform after his death the propitiatory rites which secure his future happiness. From this central idea has sprung a withering group of anti-social regulations—the compulsory marriage of every male; the compulsory marriage of every female immediately on her reaching the age of puberty; the degradation of women; the ostracism of the widow. From these, in turn, have ensued the infinite division of the soil and the physical deterioration of the race. These ideas and facts an enlightened Government, which has blandly possessed itself of the ordinary respectable doctrine of the evils of early marriage and the regulation of the number of children to the means for their support, is altogether unable to combat, for the reason that an astute hierarchy—the Brahmins—have fixed them as a yoke on the neck of the Indian people by the most formidable religious sanctions. The Government can take no step, however enlightened, to dissuade the people from early, and indeed immature, marriage without coming violently into contact with Hindoo law, which has its roots in Hindoo theology. The evil thus caused is intensified by every beneficent action of the authorities. The new wine is poured into the old bottles, with the inevitable result. With a wave of her sceptre the Empress of India commands peace, yet war, with its ravages and destruction, was the first and the most potent means of reducing the redundant and superfluous population. No doubt, in its immediate train, it brought local famine, from the destruction of the agriculturist and the cessation of agriculture, but, in its nature, it was an anti-famine operation. The Government have further prohibited female infanticide as a crime; yet, however opposed to our ethical ideas, there is no doubt that female infanticide was a natural and powerful safety-valve against what the people most feared, which was famine caused by the too rapid encroachment of the population on the food supply. In the same manner, the enlightened efforts of the Government to improve the health and longevity of the people; the hospitals and dispensaries scattered broadcast over the country; the introduction of quinine as an undoubted remedy for the principal cause of mortality in the East; the general maintenance of order and respect for human life—all these and many contributing causes have augmented the population at an ever-increasing rate. Lastly comes the specific of civilisation against famine: the construction of a vast system of canals and waterways, irrigation tanks and wells, which turn the brown and dusty plain into a sheet of living green. But the extent of irrigable land is limited, while the laws of nature move on inexorably. The new abundance has only caused a square mile which sustained ten people to support six hundred. The very blessing of canal irrigation is a curse in disguise. The people, unrestrained by any prudential checks, and urged to reproduction by every religious sanction, soon reach and overflow the margin where comfort becomes want. Then their impoverished bodies are struck down by the malaria from the canal to the construction of which they owed their existence.

Two countries, the most dissimilar in their social methods, are France and India. In the former we see a people who have so intelligently perceived that national happiness is impossible with an anxious, overcrowded population, that they have deliberately and of national choice accepted Malthusian doctrines, and kept their population at a point consistent with family and individual happiness. In India the condition is precisely the reverse, and the Government seems powerless to interfere. The author of the book we have noticed is especially struck by the orderly and quiet bearing of the famine-stricken crowds, whom the imminence of death could not urge to disorder; but the reason is found in the religious feeling which dominates both prince and peasant in the East, and which, in former years, was as apparent in the careless indifference of the native ruler to the ravages of famine, as in the stricken peasant who looked upon his misfortunes as the direct blow of an unseen and

supernatural power. What is the solution of the problem? We cannot say; but we know that it will tax the highest statesmanship.

THE FRIENDS OF MONTAIGNE.

"Montaigne et ses Amis." Par Paul Bonnefon. 2 vols. Paris: Colin.

THAT portion of these volumes which deals directly with Montaigne is not now published for the first time. It appeared in the important work on that philosopher which M. Bonnefon issued in 1893. But, while this has been carefully revised and enlarged, the book is practically made a new one by the addition of very full chapters on the friends of Montaigne, scarcely less celebrated than himself. In a happy passage, Sainte Beuve remarked that we can hardly think to-day of Montaigne save as walking hand in hand with Etienne de la Boétie, followed by Mdlle. de Gournay, and accompanied by Pierre Charron. These three satellites or attendant figures are necessary to a complete presentation of the group of Montaigne; they form the outline of his constellation. The work of M. Bonnefon, then, demands our attention to-day principally for its exceedingly valuable contribution to our knowledge of these three friends, and our comprehension of their relation to Montaigne and to their age.

There is no more touching or beautiful minor figure in the gallery of literature than Etienne de la Boétie. His extreme elevation of character, his rapid growth in the responsible management of public affairs, the generosity and ardour of his intellect, his inimitable sweetness, combined to subjugate the heart of Montaigne and to induce a friendship which is one of the most famous in history. Their communion of spirit, which rivalled "the comfortable loves of Harmodius and Aristogeiton," was abruptly terminated by the untimely death of La Boétie from the plague at the age of thirty-three. Montaigne, who was two years younger, collected the MSS. of his friend, and celebrated his virtues and their affection in what is perhaps the best known of all Montaigne's writings, the immortal essay "Of Friendship." To the memory of La Boétie he dedicated what became almost a cult; the brief period of "four years I so happily enjoyed the sweet company and dear, dear society of that worthy man" continuing to the very end as a lamp whereby he maintained his way in the dark world. And it was of La Boétie that Montaigne was speaking when he gave the most exquisite reason for friendship which has ever been framed, for, being asked why he and La Boétie loved each other so much, he answered, "Parce que c'était lui, parce que c'était moi!"

M. Bonnefon has a right to speak of Etienne de la Boétie with authority, since he has given years of attention to the obscurities of the humanist poet's life and works. In 1892 he published the first scholarly edition of the writings of La Boétie in prose and verse, and the monograph embedded in the present volume is certainly the best which we possess. Whenever Montaigne spoke of La Boétie he used the language of enthusiasm, and this has not unnaturally led the commentators of the essayist to speak of the author of "La Servitude Volontaire" in terms of similar hyperbole. There is no need, however, to force the note in commending La Boétie. In fact, his merit and his charm increase if we remove from him the fabulous elements which the idolatry of his friend caused to collect around him. Montaigne declared that the celebrated treatise against tyranny was composed when its author was eighteen; towards the end of his life, anxious apparently to emphasise the miracle, he altered "eighteen" to "sixteen." M. Bonnefon gives good reason for believing that even the former date was premature. There are expressions, as he proves in a passage of high and sustained critical value, which could not have been written by La Boétie until he was twenty or twenty-one. So far from lessening our admiration, however, these arguments tend to place it on a rational basis. It is no honour to the author of a Utopian scheme of politics, of great sobriety and purity, to insinuate that he was a schoolboy when these ideas presented themselves to him.

Villemain, who as early as 1828 drew attention to the

peculiar beauty of "La Servitude Volontaire," remarked that if we knew nothing of its history we might take it to be an ancient manuscript found in the ruins of Rome, under the broken statue of the youngest of the Gracchi. In La Boétie the humanist was predominant, but, while with his friends of the Pléiade the influence of antiquity took an artistic and voluptuous direction, with him it invoked, through his study of jurisprudence, a passion for honourable liberty. He had a strange premonition of the ideas of Rousseau; he dreamed of a happy, virtuous nation, without laws, without society, where every one should live in a state of nature, protesting against tyranny. No wonder that Richelieu, after studying Montaigne's eulogy of "La Servitude Volontaire," chose to read the pamphlet itself; he smiled disdainfully at theories so puerile, and such a vain dream of lawless felicity. But the grandeur and the nobility of the dream, in its harmonious stoicism, made a deep impression on contemporary minds, and, as M. Bonnefon very impressively shows, has during three centuries served again and again to rekindle the lamp of revolutionary ardour.

It was the enthusiastic and learned author of this tract with whom Montaigne began to associate in September, 1561, at the Parliament of Bordeaux, to which they both were delegates. M. Bonnefon, who has gone into the matter with great minuteness, is not able to persuade himself that they had seen much of one another before. When Montaigne speaks of their friendship having lasted for years, he may refer mainly to a correspondence, or to his own first acquaintance with the writings of La Boétie, although they doubtless met in Bordeaux in 1558. As a matter of fact the poignant scene of farewell, when La Boétie, who had not completed his thirty-third year, died at the village of Gernigan on his way to his wife's property in Médoc, occurred on 2 June, 1563; so that Montaigne's close personal relations with his enchanting friend can have lasted less than two years. It is, however, intensity and frequentation, rather than duration of time, which leaves the deep impression on the heart. More than twenty years after the death of La Boétie, being at the Baths of La Villa, Montaigne records the sudden invasion of his memory by the image of his friend, so palpable, so audible, that it seemed for a moment that they never could have been separated.

A very interesting section of M. Bonnefon's investigation is dedicated to a collection of evidence as to previous friendships of La Boétie, before he met Montaigne. From a very early date, in spite of his gravity, and a sort of antique austerity of tone, he seems to have been found irresistibly attractive by generous minds. Among the humanists and poets, his contemporaries, he possessed innumerable friends. M. Dezeimeris—a name to be mentioned with gratitude by all who explore the obscurer French literature of the sixteenth century—has drawn to light an amusing episode between Julius Cæsar Scaliger and La Boétie. The great Latinist was absolutely fascinated by the young jurist of Sarlat, and endeavoured by compliments and invocations of the most flattering description to win his interest. Slowly, and unwillingly, La Boétie was yielding to the amiable importunities of Scaliger, when the youthful Montaigne appeared on the scene, and La Boétie paid no further attention whatever to the blandishments of the philologist.

Pierre Charron, born in 1541, was eight years younger than Montaigne. He was one of the twenty-five children of a Parisian bookseller. It has been remarked that he is more celebrated than known, and his name as distinguished as his writings are neglected. Everybody who approached Montaigne participated in the warmth with which posterity has regarded the great essayist, and there can be no question that, as the confidant of Montaigne's last years and the continuer of his mode of thought, Charron has enjoyed a reputation not due to the positive popularity of his own writings. M. Bonnefon, gently sceptical, has made a very close examination of the evidence on which the legend that Charron "vécut fort familièrement avec Messire Michel de Montaigne" rests. He has not been able to discover any very strong proof of these agreeable assertions of Charron's earliest biographer, but he has contrived to paint for us a highly entertaining portrait

of the lively and eccentric ecclesiastic, who, all his life through, in assertion of his independence, dressed in accordance with the flow of his temporary mood, "to-day in black, to-morrow in white, one day in a cassock, the next in a doublet, and often in a long soutane of grey taffetas, with a coloured mantle over it, and with a beaver hat upon his head," greatly to the scandal of Bordeaux.

From a purely literary point of view the chief importance of Charron rests on his treatise "De la Sagesse," published in 1601. Here he attempted to build a definite ethical and philosophical structure out of the materials loosely collected by Montaigne in his Essays. The main contribution to thought supplied by Charron was the suggestion that it is possible to attain by purely human means to a condition of philosophic wisdom, and to formulate without the aid of dogma a competent system of morals. On the strength of this book, which was eagerly read at the beginning of the seventeenth century, Charron prolonged the influence of Montaigne, and did no small service by retaining the attention of the world until the moment when the essayist himself was once more in fashion.

But the ardent Mdlle. Marie de Gournay did still more to extend the personal influence of Montaigne, and died in her eightieth year so late as 1645. In her girlhood she read the essays with ardent enthusiasm, and when Montaigne happened to be in Paris superintending a new edition, she invited him to visit her mother and herself. At their very second meeting she seems to have been greeted as his adopted daughter, and the friendship, so brusquely opened, was continued with fervour to the close. In the second year after her friend's death in 1594 she published a curious novelette or fable, which she called "Le Proumenoïr de Montaigne"; this was very popular and often reprinted. She had written it in 1588, soon after the opening of their acquaintance. In process of time Mdlle. de Gournay was permitted by the family of Montaigne to superintend the text of the Essays, and she presently became and remained their recognised editor. She grew to be as resolute an old blue-stocking as was then flourishing in any part of the French king's dominions, corresponding in Latin with the first scholars of Europe; at last she came to be called the French Siren and the Tenth Muse, but was not preserved from a good deal of ridicule from the profane. Yet when she was presented to Richelieu, and he laughed at her odd diction, she had the presence of mind to say, "You are laughing at the poor old woman, but laugh, great genius, laugh! It is only right that every one should contribute to your diversion." Through all her eccentricities and escapades, Mdlle. de Gournay preserved her unshaken devotion to her celebrated father by adoption, and she deserves the admirably written section of some one hundred pages which M. Bonnefon has dedicated to her in a work which we warmly commend to the attention of scholars.

TWELVE NAVAL CAPTAINS.

"Twelve Naval Captains." Being a record of certain Americans who made themselves immortal. By Molly Elliot Seawell. London : Kegan Paul.

THIS is a smart little book by a joyous American lady who decks out blood and thunder with ribbons and laces in such a way as to make one think of loss of limb as one would of a change of fashion. She begins her biographies with that of the celebrated Paul Jones, but perhaps it would have been preferable to have ended with him, first, because he was not an American, but a Scotchman, and secondly because there was not any Captain sailing and fighting under the American flag whose deeds were more wonderful, or whose personality and career were less reconcilable to ordinary experience. So long as John Paul, alias John Paul Jones, got fighting of a character sufficiently fierce, it did not matter to him whose flag he fought under, and he was a Scotchman, an American, a Frenchman, or a Russian, as matters seemed to suit at the moment. If sheer brute courage is one of the highest of man's attributes, then Paul Jones was of the great ones of the earth; and our lady author rightly places him on that pedestal. But if to be destitute of any high qualities

besides the brute courage is to range a man with the bulldog in the estimation of his fellows, then let Paul Jones lie down in the kennel. For ourselves, we have never been able to admire the simple daring which, where it is not instinct alone, is chiefly the produce of vanity and brag. Grenville in the "Revenge" might have drawn our admiration had the position been forced upon him, and had he then developed the quality of tenacious courage which was unexpected. But as the whole thing, from beginning to end, was personal display at the expense of much uselessly wasted life, we must stand aside when others cheer him. So with Paul Jones. It is not to be doubted that the two actions which Paul Jones fought, one with His Majesty's ship "Drake," off Carrickfergus, and the other with the frigate "Serapis," off Scarborough, are two of the most extraordinary sea-fights that history records. The battle between the "Bonhomme Richard" and the "Serapis," where Paul Jones' ship was originally immensely overmatched, and yet won the battle when she was herself on the way to the bottom, and indeed descended to it in a few hours, is not to be paralleled. Captain Pearson in the "Serapis," would under other circumstances have been tried for the loss of his ship and broke; but kissing goes by circumstance as well as by favour. Courage was not wanting in the "Serapis," if skill did not put in an appearance: there were consorts with Paul Jones which reckoned on paper, and there was a valuable convoy which sailed away, while the wolves and the sheep-dogs had it out amongst themselves. So Pearson was knighted for losing his ship to inferior force, and Paul Jones' ill qualities so overbalanced his astonishing conduct and courage in action, that he never had the opportunity of showing the latter again. Our authoress decks these ill qualities in her ribbons and laces, and no word falls from her condemning that brutality of nature which sent him first of all, when he changed his nationality, to ravage his native shore, the coast of Gallo-way.

The early navy of the young American Republic was necessarily a collection of odds and ends in officers, men, ships and guns. Most of the Twelve Captains were odd men; good fighters for certain, but of other qualities endowed in the mixed and disproportionate way that a minimum of education including an inability to spell, and a rough and uncertain bringing up, might be expected to distribute them. It may be our British prejudice, it may be a personal defect of the reviewer, it may be because it is fact, or it may be because of the manner of the narration, but the authoress has failed to make us interested in the men of these early days. We note them as we note acrobats. We are surprised more and more as one feat succeeds another. Yet the feeling is exactly the same whether the performers are men, or dogs, or monkeys or elephants. But the authoress certainly mixes her stories sometimes; as when one tells of a man who goes out partridge-shooting and hooks a salmon. Preble, we are told (p. 86), cut out an armed brig under the guns of Penobscot. He was serving in the "Winthrop," and her captain, Captain Little, "gave permission" to Mr. Preble to carry the brig with forty men, with their shirts outside their jackets to distinguish them in the dark. But as soon as we have grasped the idea of Preble stealing in with a couple of boats and muffled oars, and Captain Little anxiously awaiting the result in the offing, we discover that nothing of the kind occurred. It was Little himself who ran his vessel alongside the enemy, and what Preble did was to head the boarders. Preble had just before chased a sea-serpent, in a boat whose crew was armed with cutlasses and boarding-pikes, and had fired a swivel at it, when it glided along with its head in the air. The services of these captains were, many of them, a good deal mixed and varied. They did little in the merchant service, a little privateering, some extremely gallant fighting against the British and the French, and they performed some services in suppressing the licence of the Barbary Pirates. The experience of Bainbridge was as varied and strange as any. He began in the merchant service and got much fighting there. He passed into the American Navy. He was taken prisoner by the French. He carried tribute to the Dey of Algiers, who pressed him

into his service and sent him to Constantinople with a present of slaves and wild beasts for the Sultan. Returning to Algiers, he carried the whole French population of that place out of harm's way to Spain, on the declaration of war by the Dey against France. Later, in another ship, he cruised against the Barbary Corsairs, but had the misfortune to wreck her under the guns of Tripoli, and to suffer a captivity of nineteen months, until the Bashaw was brought to terms by the guns of Commodore Preble. After this he came back again to the merchant service. On the outbreak of the war 1812, he rejoined the Navy, and in command of the "Constitution" disclosed qualities during the action that ended by the surrender of the British frigate "Java," which placed him in the highest rank as a brave, skilful and courteous opponent. But in fact, in the lives of these later captains, of those whose chief distinctions were drawn from the war of 1812, much of the oddity had passed away, and was replaced by the serene sense of devotion to duty that distinguished our own men. The book closes with the memoir of the unfortunate Lawrence, the gallant defender of the "Chesapeake." He fought a battle where on both sides the ideal of chivalry was reached. It is strangely pathetic to take the two battles of the "Constitution" and "Java," and the "Chesapeake" and "Shannon," side by side, and to recall how in each case the captain on one side was wounded to death, and on the other near to death. The conqueror in each case lived, and in each case filled up the intervals of freedom from pain in praises of the dying opponent.

THE LIFE-WORK OF ARCHBISHOP BENSON.

[PUBLISHED THIS WEEK.]

"The Life-work of Archbishop Benson." By the Rev. J. A. Carr, D.D. London : Stock.

BY giving this title to his book Dr. Carr perhaps intended to warn us that it is not a biography. The work is, in fact, a piece of flagrant book-making, a paste-and-scissors compilation from newspapers, obituary notices, and published sermons, loosely tacked together by a somewhat slipshod thread of narrative. The marks of haste are everywhere conspicuous. For example, we are quite sure that "Bedivere" of the "Morte d'Arthur" is not printed "Belvidere" (!) (p. 18) in Hort's "Life and Letters." This is perhaps the most careless and glaring of an unpardonable number of tiresome misprints. Some of the sentences are so confused and involved that the reader has to waste time in construing them. We could understand this if they occurred in Archbishop Benson's own quoted speech or writing, for his anxiety to "avoid the obvious" (which he disclaimed) often betrayed him into obscurity. But the Archbishops over-carefulness in writing rendered him less difficult than Dr. Carr's carelessness frequently makes this book.

It will be seen, then, that the volume has but little literary merit. Moreover, it is not even what it claims to be, a "study" of leading events in its subject's life and work. No serious attempt is made at a real appreciation of Archbishop Benson; there is nothing like discriminating analysis of motive or character, or anything beyond the most superficial and second-hand estimate of the late Primate's policy and ideals. The chapter on the Lambeth Judgment, for example, is painfully inadequate. The opinions of the "Rock" and the "English Churchman" are quoted, but nothing is said of the great liturgical principles on which the decision was based. The fact that it was fundamental gave the judgment its distinction, and did much to secure general acquiescence. It was felt that here was a judge ecclesiastical who did know what he was talking about, and understood the liturgical and historical material with which he was dealing—characteristics which had not been conspicuous in previous ritual decisions, excepting those of Sir R. Phillimore. We have a sort of suspicion that Dr. Carr's own interests and sympathies do not lie in the direction of this judgment, which may in part account for his thin and disappointing treatment of Dr. Benson's most striking public achievement.

Though Dr. Carr does not attempt any real study of the life and personality of his subject, his book may

nevertheless serve a useful, if humble, purpose as a chronicle of external facts. The early part of the Archbishop's life is set forth with a fulness we have not observed in any other record; and many passages, selected with some skill, are quoted from the Primate's writings. These may possibly have the good result of sending the reader to the books themselves, where he will find plenty to reward him, even if at first repelled by the mannered and somewhat artificial style. The dates are accurately given, so far as we have tested them; and though it is absurd to allot twice as much space to the Archbishop's Irish journey as to the whole of his Truro episcopate, yet the details will be of special interest to those who have not seen Dr. Carr's book.

A NEW TRANSLATION OF "FAUST."

"The First Part of the Tragedy of Faust in English." By T. E. Webb, LL.D., sometime Fellow of Trinity College, Regius Professor of Laws and Public Orator in the University of Dublin. New Edition with the Death of Faust from the Second Part. London : Longmans.

THE English barrister will be surprised to hear that this new and greatly improved edition of Dr. Webb's translation owes its existence to "the leisure which a Judicial Office has given him." However, if he has any love for letters, he will not say anything unkind about an over-manned Irish Bench, to which we owe such an attractive specimen of *belles lettres* in the highest sense of the word.

A comparison with the best foregoing versions of Faust, which we take to be Bayard Taylor's and Anster's, will justify the existence of the present version, in spite of the fact that it has some two score predecessors. In its uniform excellence as a poem, it is incomparably superior to Bayard Taylor's translation, which hardly ever rises to anything like poetry, and often sinks even below its ordinary level of literary mediocrity. Anster's, on the other hand, though highly poetical, is set in the key of Byron and Moore, and completely sacrifices the Teutonic tone. To show that Dr. Webb has maintained the manner while accurately presenting the matter would be easy if we could quote largely from his work. But we must content ourselves with referring our readers to the book, which shows everywhere felicities of diction, sometimes almost surpassing the original, and which very seldom betrays the fact that it is a translation. The Brocken scene has here and there tempted the essays of great poets, but Dr. Webb's version holds its own with the best of them. What could be better than "The hill is magic-mad to-night?" And the whole scene is full of such felicities of expression. We must present to our readers one specimen of the translator's powers. If they are of opinion that it betrays the fact that it is a translation and not an original poem, then we will allow them to say that we have over-rated the work. It is the only part of the prelude in the theatre which is given in the present edition. The rest is sacrificed (mistakenly, we think) to make room for the scene in the second part which describes the Death of Faust :—

"O give me back the time of growing,
When I myself was in my spring,
And when the fount of song was flowing
With fresh, unbroken caroling—
When all was haze and all illusion,
When wonder lurked in every flower,
And blooms in thousands decked the bower,
And dales were one Divine profusion!
Nought had I, but enough for youth—
Delight in dreams and longing after truth!
Give me the yet untamed emotion,
The bliss that tingled into pain,
The power of hatred, love's devotion,—
O give me back my youth again!"

This is quite literal, and to us it reads like an original poem and not a translation. That, of course, is the translator's ideal, and, putting aside the poetical books of the Bible, we doubt if it has ever been realised and maintained throughout a whole poem, save perhaps in Coleridge's "Wallenstein."

But the most interesting part of Dr. Webb's work is

his theory as to the time of action, the sequence of the scenes, the character of the *dramatis personæ*, and the general moral of the tragedy. The extraordinary success of Goethe's "Faust" is beyond question. It has gone the tour of Europe, and has been translated (sometimes very often) into every modern tongue. It has become naturalised in America, and has been rendered into Hebrew. Its only rivals as subjects for translation and comment are "Don Quixote," the "Divina Commedia," and two or three of Shakespeare's greatest plays. Yet, according to the very latest critics—even German critics—it is full of faults and blunders that the merest tiro might have been expected to avoid. Madame de Staël called "Faust" the delirium of genius, the *Saturnalia* of the mind. Dünzter, followed by nearly all modern critics, urges that Valentine's intervention is quite unjustifiable, as having no intimate connexion with his sister's fall. He thinks it an oversight—in fact, a blunder—that the dying Valentine should make no reference to the death of his mother; that Faust should continue his visits to Margaret after her mother had been poisoned by his means; that Margaret, after her fall was the subject of common talk, should present herself in the Cathedral. Dr. Webb's theory meets all these objections: "If we once recognise the fact that the night of the duel in the street is the night of the assignation in the garden, it will be plain that the mother and son expire on the same night, each ignorant of the other's fate; that after the interview in the garden Faust never sees Margaret again till he sees her in the prison; and that Margaret's fall is so far from being notorious that it is not suspected even by Martha, who stigmatises the denunciation of Valentine as a wicked slander." Dr. Webb admits that the Fragment which Goethe published at the age of forty was what Coleridge and Lamb conceived the Tragedy to be—a mere series of magic-lantern pictures independent and fragmentary. But in the Tragedy given to the world eighteen years afterwards, there are no oversights, everything is carefully considered, and nothing is done, or left undone, but by deliberate design. The "Fragment" had no limits, as Schiller urged; the Tragedy has definite limits. It opens on Easter Eve, and the action is arrested on Walpurgis Night, 30 April. Therefore the time occupied by the main action of the drama is either a little more than three weeks or a little less than five. The main action is separated from the final catastrophe by about a year. The interval between the first meeting of the lovers in the street and the passionate moment in the garden-house can scarcely be more than six days. In the Tragedy the scene in the garden-house is immediately followed by Faust's flight to the forest in an access of remorse and repentance. Mephistopheles, thus foiled, again succeeds in bringing Faust under the influence of Marguerite, and the result is the assignation in the garden, Margaret's administration of the sleeping draught to her mother, the latter's death, and the duel in the street, all on the same night. Between the duel and the assignation—which is never kept—intervene the scenes at the well and on the esplanade, and immediately after Margaret goes to the Cathedral. In the Fragment Margaret is a mere mistress, in the Tragedy she is a martyr. She fell but once, "einmal nur." Her sin began and ended in the garden-house, as is plainly stated in the closing scene of the second part of the "Tragedy," when the Three Penitents present her to the Mater Gloriosa with the words,—

"Pardon thou this soul so winning
Who *but once* herself forgot,
Sinned without a thought of sinning,
Pardon and reject her not."

Hence Gretchen is permitted not only to rise to heaven herself, but to help to raise her lover, and the "Tragedy" ends with the words of the Mystic Choir,—

"Love ever womanly
Beckons on high."

Thus the Fiend loses his wager that he will make Faust, like the Serpent, feed on dust, and Faust wins his wager, which was that Mephistopheles would never give him a real sense of satisfaction.

"If I am made self-satisfied
By any spells that thou canst cast,
Or duped by joys thou canst provide,
Then let that moment be my last!"

Hence the general moral is that (if indeed a work of art needs a moral, which it does not), though a good man may go astray under the influence of his passions, yet he never wholly loses his consciousness of right, and if he tries to do his best he will be saved.

LIGHT, VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE.

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IT is delightfully refreshing to get away from the unending stream of text-books with their abrupt transitions from subject to subject and their dull footnotes and appendices on stale researches of which no one in his senses takes the least notice. And get away from it we certainly do in these lectures of Professor Thompson's, which more than accomplish the work of an elementary text-book, and are full of ideas excellent alike for teacher and pupil. The majority of lectures still follow in the old rut of dry definition and drier explanation, with the inevitable result that the pupil gets no real grasp of the subject, though he may sometimes, with their aid, blossom to the dignity of a degree. Refraction, achromatism, polarisation and the like, are familiar words to many students, but they have the haziest of conceptions attached to them. To describe these things in the simplest language, to introduce all possible analogies, to attach to them the most definite of ideas—this should be the aim of all teachers, and has of late been the method of the best.

Professor Thompson is capital from this point of view, step by step experiment and theory go hand in hand; if an experiment is to be explained, then we call on the undulatory theory, if the theory is to be assisted out of a tight place, then experiment comes to its aid. These lectures may lack the dignity of language, the wide view looking far beyond the narrow limits of the subject possessed by Tyndall's "Lectures on Light"; but Tyndall lost sight of those small intermediate steps so all-important in making clear the principles of science, and only those who have been "through the mill" know how to fill up the gaps appropriately. The explanation of refraction by the wave theory, for instance, hinted at rather than developed by Tyndall, is so expanded by Professor Thompson that armed with a pair of compasses, a ruler, and the most elementary knowledge of theory the student may work out experiments which he too does in a mechanical way.

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on discovering that a writer is deficient in all the current specific talents, at once condemns him without benefit of clergy. But for my part, when I find the characteristic devotion of the born artist accompanied by a hopeless deficiency in all the fashionable specific talents—and this appears to be Mr. Heinemann's case—I immediately give him my most respectful attention, and am particularly careful to indulge in none of those prophecies of extinction which were so confidently launched at Wagner, Ibsen and Meredith.

Let me put the thing in a practical way. Mr. Heinemann has now published two dramas: "The First Step" and "Summer Moths." I ask anybody who has read these plays whether Mr. Heinemann will ever write like Mr. Pinero? The answer can only be an emphatic Never—never to his dying day. Will he ever handle a pen and play with an idea as Mr. Max Beerbohm and Mr. Oscar Wilde can? Clearly never—not even if we were to wrap him in blotting-paper and boil him in ink for a week to make his literary faculty supple and tender.

But then we do not want another Pinero: indeed it is Mr. Pinero's confounded aptitude for doing what other people have done before that makes him a reactionary force in English dramatic literature, and helps to keep the stage bound to the follies of the eighteen-sixties. Now nobody will accuse Mr. Heinemann of having the smallest aptitude for doing anything that any dramatist has done before him. That would not prevent him from trying to do it—vainly and hopelessly trying—if he were the mere foolish, incapable, amateur sort of person whose manuscripts he himself has to reject by the dozen in the way of his business. I conclude from the fact that he does not try, that he is not that sort of person. There is no trace of any sort of literary ambition in his dramas. Whether he has been driven back from conventional literary professionalism after taking the opinion of peerless judges on a deskful of blank verse tragedies and fashionable comedies, or whether he accepted his natural disabilities straight off, I do not know, and do not care. For in either case he has done the right thing in giving up literature and the specific talents, and beginning to drive as hard as he can at real life. Out of that anything may come. So far the output has not been very wonderful, although the fact of a man going to work in that way in England to-day is rather wonderful. It is true that when Maupassant's vogue was at its height, Mr. Heinemann's method would not have surprised anybody in France. But since England is not France, and since Mr. Heinemann does not in the least imitate Maupassant, though he does what Maupassant did, he must be allowed to be that very rare phenomenon, an original writer. And there, for the present, criticism had better leave him. It is waste of time to talk about a man's second play if he is really breaking new ground. Mr. Heinemann has given us, in a rather hampered and anything but charming way, two somewhat squalid and limited bits of life which we cannot deny to be true, and which are at all events large enough to raise formidable problems and create tragic conflicts pending their solution. If he will now kindly hurry along to, say, his Opus 6, then I shall begin to get interested.

It appears from the preface to "Summer Moths" that Mr. Heinemann has once more got into trouble with the censorship. He tells us that the Queen's reader of plays, "requiring, with ladylike niceness, a good character for the frail heroine, not only deprived the play of its purpose, but rendered it, if not positively *immoral*, *unmoral*, to say the least." But why on earth should an official be reviled for doing exactly what he is appointed to do? The serious drama is perhaps the most formidable social weapon that a modern reformer can wield. When the English governing classes discovered this on the occasion of Fielding's threat to attack parliamentary corruption from the stage, they deliberately resolved that the weapon should be so blunted by a court official as to make it useless for the purposes of the reformer. Mr. Redford is not appointed to make the theatre moral, but solely to prevent its having any effect on public opinion: in other words, to make it, as Mr. Heinemann rightly says, *unmoral*. That is what he is there for; and why should he not do his official duty? Nay, even

if he were free to do exactly as he liked in the matter, he could not recommend the Lord Chamberlain to license a serious play without thereby accepting some degree of responsibility for the author's opinions. And—if Mr. Redford will excuse my saying so—what dramatist of any serious pretension could level his conceptions of the destiny of society to the little set of social prejudices which constitute the "views" of a gentleman appointed without examination to a post in the palace household with a salary of £320 a year? Why, the Astronomer Royal, with an infinitely less important, responsible, and difficult office, gets £1000 a year. A County Court judge, whose functions are a joke in comparison, gets £1500 a year. Neither the Astronomer Royal nor a County Court judge can procure his appointment without having his qualifications pretty severely tested. But it is the essence of an effective Censorship that its officials should have no qualifications at all. If Mr. Redford knew the difference between a good play and a bad one, the temptation to license the good plays and veto the bad ones would be overwhelming; and the stage would instantly become a social and political power—the very thing his post was instituted to prevent. Even as it is, he knows too much to be a good Censor. He has already licensed plays, including some of my own, which were meant to influence public opinion, and which have created public discussion.

But the Censorship has lately taken a new departure. Formerly, when it objected to a play, it specified the passages it objected to. It expurgated your play for you, and licensed it "with the exception of all words and passages which are specified by the examiner in the endorsement of this licence." In this way the oppressed author or manager at least knew that when he had paid his two guineas he had no further extortio to fear. But now the practice has changed. Mr. Buchanan, it seems, has been one of the first victims; but I am not sure that I was not beforehand with him. The other day I was forced to submit a play for licence in order to protect myself from the possibly very heavy loss from forfeiture of stage right which its publication without a preliminary performance might inflict on me. The result was so far a foregone conclusion that the play, though not yet published, was already printed with a preface announcing the refusal of the Censor to license it. Consequently, when I sent in my play and my two guineas to Mr. Redford, I could not help feeling rather anxious lest in a careless moment he should license my play, and so put me to the heavy expense of cancelling, rewriting and reprinting my preface. I had even marked his copy conspicuously as a play with a serious purpose, in order to rouse his worst suspicions. But he behaved nobly, and did exactly what I had said he would do. I then applied for the usual indication of the objectionable passages, in order that I might still secure my copyright by performing that part of the play which had no meaning, objectionable or otherwise, apart from such passages. The Censor promptly replied, in the teeth of the very terms of his printed form of licence, that it was not his business to expurgate my play, and that if I would send in a licensable play he would license it without reference to any previous play submitted to him. I confess that I then began to respect the business capacity of the Lord Chamberlain's department for the first time. I found myself forced not only to debase my own play with my own hands, so that I could not afterwards turn round, like Mr. Heinemann, and accuse the Censorship of having done it, but to disgorge another two guineas. And if I had shown the slightest reluctance or want of thoroughness in obliterating every syllable which gave moral purpose to my play and redeemed it from being a mere sensational brutality, Mr. Redford could have continued refusing and demanding a new version at the rate of two guineas per refusal until he had driven me to the point at which it would have been cheaper to dispense with him altogether by a method which need not here be described. So I "expurgated" that play until it was as gratuitous an offence against good manners as any dramatist was ever guilty of, in which condition Mr. Redford was as much bound to license it as he had been not to license it when it meant something and might have done some good. It was then

duly sanctioned by the Lord Chamberlain and performed; and presently the original version will be published without the omission of a single comma. And for the life of me, absurd and extortionate and obscurantist and indecent and hypocritical and purposely tyrannical and evil as the whole institution of the Censorship is, I do not see what else Mr. Redford could have done, or why he should expurgate any play when he has the power to make the author do it himself, in addition to paying twice over for having it done by somebody else. If his post could be a useful one in the hands of a good man I should say nothing against it. But if the Angel Gabriel could be induced to take it, it would only become a greater nuisance, if possible, than it is at present.

G. B. S.

MONEY MATTERS.

ALTHOUGH the political horizon is as yet by no means clear, the Stock markets have been much more active during the week than has been the case for a considerable time past. The easiness in the money market which was perceptible last week has again given place to a firmness due in part to the political disturbances and in part to the demands of the fortnightly settlement on the Stock Exchange. There was a general expectation that the Bank rate would be raised this week, and when it was announced that the rates still remained at 3 per cent. there was a general feeling of relief. Whilst the Account just ended has not been so bad as the two previous ones, the market has not recovered so quickly as we anticipated, and until the Cuban dispute is settled no permanent improvement can be looked for. The political situation in the Far East is still a disturbing influence, and will remain so until it is known what concessions England has obtained as a counterpoise to the achievements of Germany and Russia, and the prospective successes of France in the game of "squeeze" which all four Powers are playing in the Far East. In West Africa there appears to be no danger of further trouble, and since we may expect that both the Cuban and the Far Eastern questions will speedily be defined, if not settled, the probabilities are that the present Account will be a much pleasanter one for everybody, except American Senators and professional "bears," than its predecessors. Consols, which declined steadily until Wednesday, on that day rose suddenly $\frac{3}{16}$, and on Thursday another $\frac{1}{4}$, a sudden change which indicates better than anything else the improved feeling which has come over the market.

American Rails have quite naturally been the most fluctuating market of the week. On Saturday, thanks to the weather, the "Maine" report and a rumour that Spain had declared war, there was a sharp decline at the opening of business, but in the Street an improved feeling came over the cables from Wall Street, and on Monday there was quite a "bear" panic, a number of stocks jumping up five or six points on the day. Apart from a slight set-back on Tuesday, the better feeling has continued, and although on Thursday the situation again became more strained, thanks to the Senators, whose sole aim in their political life seems to be to make their expenses, and something besides, in Wall Street by means of their position of advantage, the improved feeling has persisted. The general feeling now seems to be one of confidence in President McKinley, and no one expects any other than a pacific solution of the Cuban question. The report of the Court of Inquiry into the "Maine" disaster has fallen very flat, for the conclusions arrived at seemed to most people to be based on very insufficient evidence. Canadian Rails, with that strange illogicality which characterises movements in the Stock markets, have been dull in sympathy with Americans, but rumours of an approaching settlement of the rate war have much improved their position. It is now confidently expected that the conference at Buffalo between the Canadian and American lines will result in a satisfactory arrangement of the dispute. The gross earnings of the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk lines continue to show very large increases, and although the net earnings tell an unsatisfactory story in consequence of the cutting

of rates, the traffic increases show plainly enough the prosperity which may be anticipated when the dispute is brought to an end.

The nineteen-day account, concerning which such a powerful superstition reigns on the Stock Exchange, did not show any remarkable falls in Home Railway stocks, in spite of all the many disturbing influences which have been at work. The biggest decline was in Dover "A's" which dropped $\frac{1}{4}$, Midland Deferred fell two points, Metropolitan $\frac{1}{4}$, several others a point and most of the others were fractionally lower. Hull and Barnsley, however, rose $\frac{1}{4}$, Brighton Ordinary and Preferred $\frac{1}{4}$, Chatham Preferred, and Caledonians $\frac{1}{2}$. On Tuesday, when the fear of foreign complications began to give place to an easier feeling, a general recovery began, the scarcity of stock at the settlement aiding the upward movement, and although the traffics of the week were not favourable the recovery has been well maintained. Below we repeat our former table showing the net yield of British Railway stocks at Thursday's prices on the basis of last year's dividends:—

YIELD OF ENGLISH RAILWAY STOCKS.

Company.	Dividend 1897.	Price 31 March	Yield p. c.
Great Northern "A"	2 $\frac{1}{4}$	50	5 0 0
Great Northern Deferred	2 $\frac{1}{4}$	53 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 4 6
Brighton Deferred	7	175 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 16 11
Midland Deferred	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	86 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 2 7
North Eastern	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	174 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 12 2
North Western	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	199 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 11 4
Brighton Ordinary	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	186	3 9 10
Caledonian Deferred	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	56 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 14 10
Great Western	6	172 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 9 6
Lancashire and Yorkshire	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	147	3 9 7
Great Northern Preferred	4	118 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 7 6
South Eastern Deferred	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 5 11
Caledonian 1st Preferred	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	136 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 5 11
South Eastern Ordinary	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	150	3 6 1
Caledonian Ordinary	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	155	3 6 11
South Western Deferred	3	92	3 5 2
South Western Ordinary	7	223 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 2 0
Midland Preferred	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 19 3
Metropolitan	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	129 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 17 11
Great Eastern	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	121 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 17 8
Great Central Preferred	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	69	2 3 5

Like all the other markets, the Industrial Market has shown an improved tone during the week with the one and important exception of Liptons. As we anticipated from the first, these shares have not long maintained the premium to which they were rushed by a number of wild speculators. It is quite natural that those favoured individuals who have secured allotments should immediately hasten to their brokers with orders to sell. An immediate profit of 15s. or £1 per share is undoubtedly worth a great deal more than a prospective 2 per cent. per annum. At the end of last week a large number of Preference shares were sold as the result of the allotment, and now the Ordinary are also being thrown upon the market by allottees. The premium on them fell from $1\frac{1}{16}$ last week to $\frac{1}{2}$ on Wednesday. At this rate, unless the market is very strongly supported, the premium will soon disappear altogether, and the shares will be obtainable at less than their issued price and more nearly at their real value. We give below a table, similar to those we published for other securities, showing the net yield at the present price and on the basis of last year's dividends of a selected number of industrial undertakings. Some of the figures will no doubt come as a surprise to most of our readers. We would call special attention to the Bovril Ordinary and Deferred shares, which stand second and third upon our list. The yield of both these classes of shares at the present market price is very high, and when it is remembered that after one year's working £15,000 has been carried to reserve, and nearly £3000 has been carried forward to the present year, whilst the sales are steadily increasing and the second year's working will probably be much more profitable than the first, the shares seem an admirable investment. With regard to the other securities on our list, it is necessary to note that in all

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cases the stability of the companies, the amount of their reserve funds, and the capacity of the management must be taken into consideration.

NET YIELD OF INDUSTRIAL COMPANIES.

Company.	Dividend 1897. Per cent.	Price 28 March.	Yield per cent. £ s. d.
Paquin	10	1	10 0 0
Bovril Deferred	5	1 1/2	8 8 5
Do. Ordinary	7	18s. 6d.	7 11 4
National Explosives	11	1 1/2	7 6 8
Wallis & Co.	10	81	5 17 8
Mazawattee Tea	8	1 1/2	5 16 4
D. H. Evans & Co.	12	2 1/2	5 12 11
Linotype Deferred (£5)	9	8	5 12 6
Holborn & Frascati	10 (1)	2	5 0 0
Lister & Co. (£10)	2	4	5 0 0
National Telephone (£5)	6	6	5 0 0
Pawsons & Leafs (£10) ²	5	6	5 0 0
Telegraph Construc. (£12)	15	36 1/2	4 18 7
Salmon & Gluckstein	7 1/2	1 1/2	4 16 0
Savoy Hotel (£10)	7 1/2	16	4 13 9
Jay's	7 1/2	1 1/2	4 12 3
Eley Brothers (£10)	17 1/2	38	4 12 1
Harrod's Stores	20	41	4 8 10
Bryant & May (£5)	17 1/2	19 1/2	4 8 7
Price's Candles (£16)	10 1/2	37	4 7 4
Vicars, Son & Maxim	15	3 1/2	4 7 3
Jones & Higgins	9 1/2	2 1/2	4 4 5
Swan & Edgar	5	1 1/2	4 0 0
Maple & Co.	15 1/2	4 1/2	3 15 1
J. & P. Coats (£10)	20	60 1/2	3 6 1
Aerated Bread	40	13	3 1 6
Hydraulic Power (£100)	8	275	2 18 2

(1) Including bonus of 2 per cent. (2) £6 paid.

Under more favourable general conditions the South African Market could not have failed to respond briskly to the statement made at the Rand Mines meeting held at Johannesburg last week. Some six weeks ago we announced that at this meeting a dividend of 100 per cent. would be promised for the present year, and furthermore, that the question of splitting the shares would be mentioned and a proposal made to submit it to the decision of the shareholders. Both these forecasts have been exactly fulfilled. Mr. Eckstein stated at the meeting that a first dividend of 100 per cent. would be declared during the year, and hoped that this rate would not only be maintained but largely increased. Since the profits of the Company already amount to nearly 1 1/4 millions sterling and a 100 per cent. dividend only absorbs a little over £300,000, Mr. Eckstein's hope was but modestly expressed. What the Chairman did not tell the Rand Mines shareholders was the important fact that the share of the Rand Mines Company in the actual monthly profits earned by its subsidiary deep-level mines amounts to £360,000 a year, which is equal to more than 100 per cent. upon its capital. Within the next few months there is little doubt that these subsidiary mines will be earning profits of which the share of the parent company will be equivalent to 200 per cent. upon its capital. When its other subsidiaries get to work, even if it sells none of its shares, it will receive as its portion of their profits an amount equivalent to 400 and even 500 per cent. on its capital. These facts alone reveal the absurdity of the criticism that has been levelled against the Rand Mines Company that its sole reason for existence is to sell its shares in the subsidiary companies at a profit. The directors of the Company know too well the value of their holdings to want to dispose of them at their present price in the market. It will be much more profitable to them and to their shareholders to hold them fast for the sake of the dividends they will ultimately earn.

The other important announcement Mr. Eckstein made was that the directors of Rands Mines, Limited, have decided to consult their shareholders with regard to the advisability of the step we have repeatedly urged—that of splitting the shares into a larger number of shares of a smaller nominal value. There is little doubt that when consulted the shareholders will declare in favour of the suggested division. At the present

time the fluctuations in the market value of Rand Mines are very violent, and investors fight shy of an undertaking whose shares stand at such an enormous premium. If the shares were split so as to be worth £3 or £4 a-piece the market would be steadied and the number of shareholders would be at once very largely increased, whilst at the same time the market value would approach much more nearly the real value of the shares.

The position of the South African market has very considerably improved during the week, and a steady rise in the value of all first-class Kaffirs has taken place. We look for a continuation of this improvement as political conditions become more settled. There is no reason to anticipate any troubles in the Transvaal, and present indications seem even to point to better prospects with regard to the granting of industrial reforms; apart from these, however, the mining industry continues to make steady progress, and the result cannot fail to become manifest when a less perturbed feeling rules in the market.

There has not been much activity in the Westralian market during the week. On Monday it looked as if there was going to be a notable reaction in this department, but later in the week a stronger tone set in. There were, however, no changes of note and Mr. Bottomley has again almost monopolised attention. From his remarks at the meeting of the West Australian Loan and Finance Company one may conclude that it is better to have Mr. Bottomley for a friend than an enemy and it would seem that not to have the blindest confidence in him places one immediately in the latter category. A former director of the Northern Territories Company—that famous company which is said to have £5,000,000 worth of gold in sight—has resigned his directorship because he considered that the quotation of Northern Territories shares had been worked up to a price which represents something more than their actual value. Quite rightly Mr. Bottomley declared that when he has publicly proclaimed the fact that a company is of special merit and value, a resignation of this kind tends to discredit him in the eyes of the public. Mr. Bottomley therefore proceeded to scold this over-scrupulous director and told the shareholders in meeting assembled that although he did not like making personal attacks, the Northern Territories Company was really not sorry that the gentleman had resigned. We quite believe him. This particular director was evidently quite out of place on the Board of the Northern Territories Company.

The Cycle market has been in a very stagnant condition for a long time past, but with the approach of the cycling season we anticipate a very marked revival in the value of the shares of several of the more moderately capitalised companies. In particular we would direct attention to the Trent Cycle Company, whose shares at the present time are quoted at 2s. 6d. in the London market and 3s. 3d. in Birmingham. This company has a capital of £100,000, so that its market valuation amounts only to £12,500 or £16,000. Yet this company is selling 200 machines a week, and is making a profit of at least £12,000 a year, or nearly 100 per cent. on its market valuation. It has a cash balance of £12,000, £13,000 in good book-debts, £20,000 of freehold and £15,000 of new machinery and stock. Its shares are therefore worth at least 12s. 6d. each on the actual value of its assets. If any of our readers can pick up these shares at the present quoted price we strongly advise them to do so. There are other cycle companies which are also good purchases at the present quotations, amongst which we may note Humbers at 12s. 9d. and Swifts at 10s. 6d.

NEW ISSUES, &c.

THOMAS PHILLIPS & CO.

Thomas Phillips & Co., Limited, brewers, of West Malling, Dover and Camberwell, has been formed with a capital of £160,000. This is divided into 16,000 five-and-a-half cumulative preference shares of £5 each and 80,000 ordinary shares of £1 each. In addition

there is £100,000 first mortgage debenture stock bearing interest at the rate of 4½ per cent. The present issue consists of all the debenture stock and 70,000 preference shares. The object of the enterprise is to acquire as a going concern the freehold breweries known as the Abbey Brewery, West Malling, Kent, the Diamond Brewery, Dover, and the Park Brewery, Camberwell, London, S.E.; also seventy licensed properties held therewith, of which eighteen are freehold, forty-two leasehold, and ten annual tenancies or tied by loan; also the freehold residence and 22-quarter freehold malting attached to the brewery at Dover, the freehold residence and 40-quarter leasehold maltings attached to the brewery at West Malling, and the freehold residence attached to the brewery at Camberwell, together with the fixed plant and machinery, rolling and loose plant, consumable stores, book debts partly secured by guarantee, loans, and all the other undertakings and assets of the business. These businesses have been valued exclusive of goodwill at over £215,000, so that the debenture issue may be said to be well secured. The purchase price of the businesses has been fixed at £210,000, being £5000 less than the above valuation. This is to be satisfied as to £70,000 by the allotment of ordinary shares and as to the balance, partly in cash and partly in debenture stock and partly in preference shares at the option of the Company.

WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.

The share capital of Holbrook's Worcestershire Sauce Limited (United States of America and Canadian Rights) is £100,000, divided into 50,000 ordinary shares of £1 each and 50,000 six per cent. preference shares of £1 each. As the name implies, the object of the Company is to acquire all the trading rights in the sale of "Holbrook's Worcestershire Sauce" for the United States of America and Canada from the Birmingham Vinegar Company, 1897, Limited. It is pointed out in the prospectus that the sauce has been a well-known staple article of food in the United Kingdom and several foreign countries and colonies for a period of twenty years. The purchase price has been fixed by Mr. Horace de Lisser the vendor (who is making a profit on the resale) at £60,000, and in addition to the money paid by him to the Birmingham Vinegar Company, he is paying all expenses up to and including the first general allotment of shares, but not stamps and registration fees. The whole of the share capital is now offered for subscription.

CHADBURN'S (SHIP) TELEGRAPH.

By the formation of Chadburn's (Ship) Telegraph Company, Limited, the businesses of Messrs. Chadburn & Sons, Limited, and Thomas Bassnett, Limited, are converted into one public enterprise, which will also acquire certain patents, the property of Mr. Chadburn and Mr. Bassnett. The profits of the two businesses for last year have been certified at £10,208. The purchase price has been fixed at £105,000, of which £20,000 is to be satisfied by 10,000 of each class of shares and £20,000 by shares or cash at the option of the directors, and as to the balance, in cash. The capital (£120,000) is divided into 60,000 cumulative preference shares of £1 each, and 60,000 ordinary shares of £1 each: 50,000 of each class are offered for subscription.

TIBBLES' VI-COCOA.

£400,000 is the capital of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, 1898, Limited. The share arrangement is as follows: 200,000 six per cent. cumulative preference shares of £1 each, and 200,000 ordinary shares of £1 each. All the preference shares are issued at par. For the twelve months ended 25 November, 1897, the net profits of the business are certified to have been £72,832, whilst for the following three months the certificate shows net profits of £25,000. The purchase price has been fixed at £300,000, payable as to £200,000 in ordinary shares and the balance in cash.

MUTUAL TELEPHONE COMPANY.

The Mutual Telephone Company has been formed by a number of gentlemen in Manchester, of whom no less than thirteen appear on the Board, to supply

Manchester and that district with an improved telephone service. The capital is a quarter of a million in 20,000 cumulative 5 per cent. Preference shares of £5 each and 30,000 ordinary shares of £5 each. The scheme is of course prospective. In our opinion there are too many directors.

HUGGINS & CO.

It is stated in the prospectus of Huggins & Co., Limited, that the business of the Brewery Company in Golden Square, which it is proposed to acquire, has increased to such an extent that new capital is necessary. The new enterprise has been formed with a capital of £1,400,000, divided into 35,000 ordinary shares and 50,000 four-and-a-half per cent. cumulative preference shares of £10 each, and £550,000 of 3½ per cent. first mortgage irredeemable debenture stock. It has been incorporated to acquire the brewery undertaking carried on by the company of the same name which was itself incorporated in the year 1894 to carry on the brewery undertaking of John Huggins & Co., at Lion Brewhouse, Broad Street, Golden Square. Huggins & Co., Limited (old company), are the promoters, and have fixed the price at £1,100,000 for the whole of the business and assets. This is to be paid or satisfied as to £116,500 in fully-paid ordinary shares, £250,000 in fully-paid 4½ per cent. preference shares, £413,600 in 3½ per cent. first mortgage irredeemable debenture stock, and the balance in cash. The present issue is of 23,350 ordinary shares, 25,000 preference shares, and £136,400 debenture stock, all at par, but it is stated that of these, 7648 ordinary shares, 9121 preference shares, and £59,270 debenture stock have been applied for by depositors, customers, and other connexions of the company.

NEW SCHULTZE GUNPOWDER.

The New Schultze Gunpowder Company has been formed with a capital of £325,000 in 32,500 ordinary shares and 32,500 cumulative preference shares of £5 each, with the object of taking over the old Schultze Gunpowder Company, Limited, as from 1 January last, and to further develop the same. The works of the Company are situated at Eyeworth, in Hampshire, and occupy a site of forty-three acres held on lease direct from the Crown. The purchase price has been fixed at £317,000, payable as to £50,000 in preference shares, £50,000 in ordinary shares, and the balance in cash. There are now offered 22,500 preference and 22,500 ordinary shares.

QUICKSILVER MINES.

With a share capital of £150,000 in 75,000 eight per cent. cumulative preference shares of £1 each, and 75,000 ordinary shares of £1 each, Quicksilver Mines (California, United States), Limited, has been formed to purchase, carry on and develop the Redington Quicksilver Mine, situated in the north-east corner of Napa County, California, about ninety-five miles from San Francisco. The Redington property contains 6160 acres of land, held under United States patent, and is eight miles long by about one and a quarter miles wide. The purchase price of the property has been fixed by the vendor at £125,000, payable as to £15,000 in cash, and the balance in cash or fully-paid shares, partly preference and partly ordinary, or partly in cash and partly in fully-paid shares, preference and ordinary. There are now offered for subscription 60,000 preference and 40,000 ordinary shares.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I. W.—We have made inquiries respecting the Company you mention. It seems to have considerable probabilities of success, but we should not advise you to invest until the position of the Company has been made more certain by actual working.

BERTIE (Bristol).—We do not advise you to buy any more shares in the Company at present. It will probably be some time before they are again quoted at the price you gave for them.

W. D. (Bodmin).—Electric-light companies are, as a rule, safe and fairly profitable investments. There is every probability that your shares will give you progressive dividends and that they will gradually rise in price. We do not advise an investment in the Dairy Company.

ZENITH (Brighton).—See our remarks above with regard to the cycle industry.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

THE STATE OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR.—The letters of Mr. D. P. Sellar, the second of which appeared in your last issue, are calculated to confuse two very different issues; namely, Mr. Sellar's own case, which has already been decided, and that of Sir Edward Poynter, which is still *sub judice*. Far be from me to wish to disillusion Mr. Sellar of the least of his opinions on art. Indeed, it would be unkind, as unnecessary, to do so, now that he must remain in the enforced possession of his collection of "old masters."

One thing, however, remains to be said. Had Sir Edward Poynter shown the same good sense in the difficult conduct of the National Gallery, as he did in the simple matter of Mr. Sellar's collection, the article on the National Gallery could never have appeared in your columns.—I am, &c.,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

A PROTEST.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR.—May I, through your unprejudiced columns, be allowed to enter a protest against the most recent example of contemporary musical criticism as associated with the production by the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall of Signor Franco Leoni's dramatic cantata, "The Gate of Life."

Let me, however, at the very beginning state explicitly that in my humble disapproval of some critics I do not include all critics. All sweeping condemnations are intolerable, and it is just as possible to be intelligent and a critic as it is possible to be possessed of talent, in spite of the negative of the silly portion of the Press. Let those Dryasdusts who imagine I aim at them reply to me if they care to and dare to. I am told that it is very unwise and impolitic to fly in the face of the immaculate critics. I am totally opposed to this theory. Every man of courage and conviction has had sooner or later to measure swords with them, and as their personal qualities are familiar to me, I feel tolerably well equipped for the encounter.

The head and front of the charge brought by these gentlemen apparently is that "The Gate of Life" is not the work of an English master, that there are a large number of English masterpieces clamouring for admission in vain at the gate of the Albert Hall, and that the rule is to refuse admission to English works—an ingenious red-herring drawn across the scent, but not sufficiently ingenious to deceive any one of experience. In the first place, works by English composers have frequently been introduced by the Society, and consequently this ignominious attempt, hardly conceivable in the nineteenth century, to nationalise art and to qualify music as though it were a form of merchandise subject to protection duties, only reflects pitiful discredit upon its originators.

I am not acquainted with any of the members of the Royal Choral Society's management, and consequently am unable to state what reasons guide them in the choice of new works. I can only guess at these reasons. If the experience of the Society is the same as my experience as a publisher, I should say that the reason of the non-admission of works, English or otherwise,

that have only the critics' approval to recommend them, is accounted for by the fact that they do not attract or please the public. I will go even further, and affirm that they spell absolute ruin. Every composer who wishes to establish a lasting reputation must first of all please the public; the critics, who in the first instance aspire to lead, will in due course follow the public. In every age and in every country these Dryasdusts, these dull people, have banded themselves together, and on the first appearance of a man of talent have done their best to bludgeon him to death. Wagner, at this moment the almost solitary object of their worship, during the greater part of his life was branded by them as a madman. Now, every composer who does not aspire to write as Wagner did is in turn branded as a madman. Heavens! must we eat off the same joint every day of our lives? Must we only be permitted to open the pages of one book, and that the Holy Bible?

Naturally enough, in face of the present Mascagni

vogue, the unfortunate young Italian is not accused of imitating Wagner. He has only to take up his pen for the whole of the critics to exclaim in one breath: "Look at him, he is going to imitate Mascagni."

It is common history that when Gounod's *Faust* was first produced in this country it was torn to pieces by the critics. Henry Chorley was the only Englishman who dared proclaim it a work of genius. *Carmen* also on its first production in Paris was torn to pieces by the French critics. Oh, yes, there are Dryasdusts in other countries than ours. Bellini, Donizetti, even Verdi, met with a storm of opposition from the Press upon their first appearance among us. Are we to assume that critics are cleverer or better informed now than they were formerly? I should not care to. I can call to mind quite half-a-dozen brilliant critics headed by Jim Davison, and they were not always infallible.

The truth is that these critics, these terrible, terrible people, with the dust of centuries in their eyes and hearts, who have been trying to persuade the public for ages past that music is a science and not an art, have a positive hatred of any composers who are not dull and laboured, who do not float to notoriety on their own puffs and paragraphs, unless they be composers who arrive here with a big Continental reputation, and whose position they dare not assail; and it is a hatred born partly of ignorance and partly of sympathy with the dust and midnight oil that are the very essence of the schoolroom. The atmosphere of the schoolroom is the only atmosphere they can appreciate or understand. It is typical of themselves. They hate freshness, spontaneity, and the courage that prompts a composer to write as he feels rather than as they would dictate. All these qualities are to them "monuments of conventionality, and it is small wonder, therefore, that their criticisms are frequently monuments of stupidity. Daylight is as foreign to them as it is to the unsophisticated bat. They can only find their way about in the night, under cover of the darkness.

Between every young author who does not choose to write in the fashion of the moment, and the public he has a right to appeal to, is reared a gigantic stone wall which is labelled "Contemporary Criticism." This wall has either to be got round, surmounted or battered down before the author is permitted to speak to his public. In many cases the very flesh is torn from the hands of the author in his efforts to pass over this barrier. Occasionally this monstrous wall is erected subsequently to the first reception of a new work by the public. Nothing could have exceeded the enthusiasm with which Signor Leoni's work was received by the public at the Albert Hall; but on the following morning the various critics vied with one another in their attempts at cheap satire and coarse wit, all directed against a young man whose only fault is that he has devoted his life earnestly to his art, and has disdained the usual forms of vulgar advertisement and the flattery that is so dear to the vanity of these self-constituted almighty. I am told by those sitting near them that these gentlemen were nearly all seated together in the hall, and that almost before the first bars of "The Gate of Life" had been played they indulged openly in laughs, scoffs and jeers, like the silly flock of sheep that they are. Pretty criticism truly! Were I tempted to descend to their depths I would suggest that they would have been much more in their element criticising the mysteries of Barnum and Bailey, or delicately hint that, having found themselves in an atmosphere of music, they must have wondered, like the fly in amber, how they got there. But I am encroaching too far on their own particular domain, and pause for fear of being confounded with them.

Fortunately Signor Leoni may console himself with the reflection that the creations of the mind, if they are worthy, are imperishable, and above the ignorance of gentlemen whose pretensions are only equalled by their unconsciousness of what art really means. Fortunately also he can fortify himself with the applause and the approval of the unprejudiced public, who finally—supreme privilege of all publics—will pass a verdict upon his qualifications as a composer, as a power who has something new to say, and who can interest in the telling of it.—Your obedient servant, WILLIAM BOOSEY.

2 April, 1898

REVIEWS.

THE LIFE OF JOHN NICHOLSON.

"The Life of John Nicholson." By Captain Lionel J. Trotter. London : Murray.

IT is well that John Nicholson at length finds a biographer, for his memory is one that should never be let die. Amongst all the glorious soldiers and administrators who have aided in building up our Indian Empire his stalwart figure stands out lit by a radiance all its own. He died at 34, a regimental captain in John Company's army, yet Lord Lawrence mourned his loss as "a national misfortune," and held that but for him Delhi would not have fallen, while until we had crushed the rebellion in its headquarters, India was not saved. There have been men more patient, more intellectual, but never surely has our race produced a man so unmistakeably stamped with genius for leading others, so vigorous, daring, resourceful, so emphatically a born soldier. When we consider what it means that a man without the graces which win friends, without powerful connexions, and in the teeth of considerable prejudice, should in our service have forced his way so much to the front as to dominate our councils before Delhi; that an army of old officers and old soldiers should have believed in him as it did, we realise how immense must have been the effect of his personality, how pre-eminent and unmistakeable his capacity. The man had the magnetism of a Napoleon or a Nelson. Lord Roberts, who has seen much of war and of men, tells us that he has never before or since met the man who so impressed him. The natives, over whom his stern but just rule swung, recognised, as they imagined, in him an incarnation of their deity. Some formed a sect, the Nikalsainis, and worshipped him, for which the unrelenting god flogged them. But whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and therefore he was worshipped all the more. On hearing of his untimely end one of these devoted followers promptly cut his throat. Without Nicholson the world was not worth living in. The natives expressed his influence by the saying that "his horses' hoofs were heard from the Attock to the Khyber." The old Sikhs in showing visitors over the battle-field of Gujerat began their narrative by saying, "Nikalsain stood just there," yet when Nicholson took part in Lord Gough's greatest battle he was only twenty-six years of age, and had but a handful of Pathans with him. Twelve years after his death Younghusband was in the Shahpur district, south of Rawal Pindi, talking to a towâna, or chief, about Nicholson's doings in that district during the second Sikh war. The chief said, "To this day our women at night wake trembling, and saying they hear the tramp of Nikalsain's war horse." Such was the fear he might inspire; to those who would know how great might be the love, we leave the many passages in which those who were intimate and worked with him testify to his modesty, gentleness and consideration for others. One striking anecdote in particular tells of the confidence and affection he won from a little child after he had unwittingly frightened her with the piercing glance of his dark and lustrous eyes. It must be admitted that he was occasionally difficult to manage as a lieutenant, and was fiery and impatient of control unless he recognised ability in his superior officers, but such has ever been the failing of men like him; genius frets under the trammels of red tape, or the inefficiency of a leader, and in this respect Nicholson only erred with almost all the great heroes of the world.

Nor was he of the rough-and-ready school of soldiers who do not regard their profession as one calling for much reading or scientific study. The pages before us show him eager to learn all he can as to modern armies, devoting his hardly earned leave to modern languages and a personal investigation of Continental systems. What good use he made of his time, and how far he was in advance of the average officer of his day, is well exemplified in his bringing the needle gun, then first adopted by the Prussian army, to notice in 1851. He saw the merit of the new weapon, and recommended that a comparatively small force armed with a similar breechloading rifle should be sent to defend Afghanistan against the Persians in 1856.

When in 1866 the world wondered at the vast development of fire which the Prussians brought to bear, how many remembered that sixteen years before Nicholson had recognised the potentialities of their armament? In truth this man was far-seeing and of sound judgment as well as brave and energetic; cunning and profound when necessary; swift in execution; inexorable in resolve. His physical advantages were equal to his mental endowments. Men such as he rarely come up in history. When they do, if they survive, they leave the crowd far behind, and rise to the highest honours and distinctions. That Nicholson would have done so will scarcely be doubted by any one who reads his life, but we fear the truth will come as something of a revelation to many. The North of Ireland, the home of the Lawrences, Sir Robert Montgomery, and many another soldier and statesman whose name history cherishes, gave him birth. But the great Irishmen who made and saved our Empire find no memorials in their native land.

MR. H. D. TRAILL'S ESSAYS.

"The New Fiction and Other Essays on Literary Subjects." By H. D. Traill. London : Hurst.

A NEW book from Mr. H. D. Traill must always be something of an event. He is one of our few popular writers who respects himself, and who having won an honourable reputation has the good sense not to fritter it away in mere book-making. He is, as we all know, a voluminous contributor to ephemeral literature, but the fact that an article has appeared in a magazine or review is not with Mr. Traill a reason for its reproduction in a form which will swell the catalogue of the British Museum and take its place with the work by which he would wish to be remembered. He has here reprinted, after careful revision and with considerable alterations, what well deserved to be reprinted. His volume has all the charm of variety, as a glance at its contents will show. It consists of essays dealing with novels and novelists, of three dialogues entitled respectively the Politics of Literature, Newspapers and English a supposed Boswellian fragment, the Revolution in Grub Street, of an estimate of Matthew Arnold, and of essays on Lucian, on the Provincial Letters and on The Future of Humour. One of the best of the first group is the essay on the New Fiction which is a severely just exposure of the absurd pretensions of so many of the inferior writers of the day to realism in the sense of truth to life. Mr. Traill points out that this so-called realism is, as a matter of fact, pure idealism, that a picture like the Jago is as ideal as the Earthly Paradise, with this difference—that the one is the idealisation of ugliness as the other is of beauty. The composition of the Jago is vigorously analysed. "He has taken the brutal pugnacity of one of the courts of an Irish quarter, mixed it with the knavery of a thieves' kitchen in some other district, 'made the gruel thick and slab' in his infernal cauldron, with a highly concentrated dose of the foul scum which is found floating, though in a much diluted form, on the surface of the vast sea of poverty in all great cities; and pouring the precious compost into a comparatively small vessel, he invites the world to inspect it as a sort of essence or extract of metropolitan degradation."

If we have any fault to find with Mr. Traill it is that he is too tolerant and catholic as a critic. It might have been expected that he would have asked what end could possibly be served by fiction of this kind except to degrade art and corrupt popular taste. But the only exception which he takes to it is that it is not what it pretends to be—truth to life. In the very interesting essay on Richardson he makes two remarks with which we cannot agree. In pronouncing the plot of Clarissa Harlowe to be from a realistic point of view preposterous, Mr. Traill has surely not made sufficient allowance for the peculiar position of Clarissa with regard to her relatives and friends and for the difference between those times and ours. Richardson was evidently well aware of the difficulties involved in reconciling his plot with probability, and the elaborate skill with which he surrounded them seems to us his chief triumph as an artist. We wish we could believe with Mr. Traill that Lovelace and Jago are mere

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impossibilities in human nature; they are monsters who are perhaps extinct, or nearly extinct, now, but they are monsters whose existence has been vouched for too frequently to admit any doubt of their truth to life. Mr. Traill's estimate of Matthew Arnold is thoughtful and discriminating, and his remarks about the ineffectualness of his theological writings admirable. "He reversed the Scriptural precept and addressed himself not to the sick but to the whole" puts the matter in a nutshell. But Mr. Traill seems to rank his poetry much lower than most of us would do, while he credits him as a critic with an originality to which he is surely not entitled. Arnold simply applied touchstone and standards which had been acquired from the sédulous and sympathetic study of classical models ancient as well as modern, and from his master, as he delighted to call him, Sainte Beuve; and we think that Mr. Traill has, unintentionally no doubt, quite misrepresented what Arnold meant when he called poetry a criticism of life. In Arnold's sense it surely included what Mr. Traill objects to it, in correction, for excluding.

The dialogues are well worth reprinting, but none of them is marked by the brilliance and originality of the best dialogues in the New Lucian. We like Mr. Traill's genial appreciation of his master, the old Lucian, and we share his regret but not his surprise that that inimitable satirist is regarded with so little favour by those who regulate the studies of our universities. The reason is not far to seek; they exclude him for the same reason that they exclude the subtlest and most eloquent of Greek critics—they have no notes on him. The essay which closes the volume, "The Future of Humour," is ingenious, but surely contains much which is to say the least of it questionable; we can pay Mr. Traill the very sincere compliment of saying that we prefer even his own humour to his analysis of the humour of others.

MR. REDMOND ON IRELAND.

"Historical and Political Addresses." By J. E. Redmond, M.P. Dublin: Sealy, Bryers & Walker.

WE are never without two or three new volumes about Ireland on our shelves: we take them down and turn them over in the hope that some day we shall find a *real* book—one like that written sixty years ago by the industrious Gustave de Beaumont; but it never arrives. Historically, the ground up till the end of the last century has been adequately covered; since that period it is a wilderness of recrimination, exaggeration and partisanship. Mr. Redmond is an experienced Parliamentarian and knows how to put his case, but there is in this volume an unconscionable deal of padding to very little original thought. Mr. Redmond seems to have yielded to the advances of an indiscreet admirer in giving permission for the publication of a collection of addresses without historical sequence or connexion of subject, and with every disadvantage that mean type and paper, slovenly proof-reading and the absence of an index can contribute. We have a speech of 1896 followed by one of 1897, and one of 1897 followed by one of 1883, while in some cases no year at all is given. If half of these speeches had been left out and the remaining half carefully revised and annotated and grouped according to subject and date, we should have had a valuable "document" to help us to the understanding of fifteen years of eventful history, for the material for the study of the "Parnell Episode" is surprisingly scanty—Mr. Parnell's trusted colleagues, like himself, not having any great gift of literary expression. The Young Irishmen of fifty years ago shed their emotions over whole libraries in prose and verse, but the Parnellite movement has been inarticulate. Of course there were the talkers and the writers—they were necessary; but the men who did the real work have, up to the present, been as reticent as their chief.

Mr. Redmond's earlier speeches here reproduced are of the class that are the ordinary politician's stock-in-trade; it is only when the crisis comes and he has to choose between his leader and the Nonconformist Conscience as represented by Mr. Hugh Price Hughes and Mr. Gladstone that his real strength comes out. His second speech in Committee Room 15 we have

always regarded as one of the best specimens of modern parliamentary oratory. There is hardly a superfluous word in it; every sentence is meant to convince any opponent who is open to conviction or to impale the implacable on the horns of a dilemma. But perhaps the clearest proof of its power and foresight is that as we read it to-day, eight years after it was delivered, and when events have given their decision, every argument and every prediction has been fully justified by those events. Only once in all these addresses does Mr. Redmond permit himself to be non-controversial—when he gives a lecture in New York on his experiences in the House of Commons. His judgments of men are often keen and incisive, and the sketches of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Parnell and others are of permanent interest and value. There is here the best sketch we have seen of the Monday's meeting of the House of Commons after the Saturday's crime in the Phoenix Park. The Irish members were hardly safe in the streets on that Sunday and Monday, and in the House itself they were shunned. "Inside the House there was the stillness of the Tomb. By a strange and mysterious instinct every Member had come down dressed in black as to a funeral." Mr. Gladstone at once moved the adjournment of the House, and when this had been seconded, Mr. Parnell arose. "A strange fierce murmur ran round the House, the like of which I had never heard. It could not be described as a growl, though it had in it a note of savage hatred. We looked up startled and knew not what was about to happen, but it suddenly died away in a silence so intense we could almost feel it. What had this man to say? This man the indirect if not the actual cause of that murder? What right had he to speak; what right had he to be here at all? His very presence was an outrage. Never so long as I live shall I forget the looks of fierce detestation turned upon Mr. Parnell at that moment. We, his friends, tried to counteract all this by a cheer, but so chilled were we by the scene that it died away unuttered on our lips."

ON CORAL SEAS.

"Wild Life in Southern Seas." By Louis Becke. London: Unwin.

ONE novelist, at any rate, has essayed with some success the writing of popular science, but it may be questioned whether, of their style, the fish chapters in the present volume, more especially the opening account of the terrible combat between the whale and its savage assailants, have ever been surpassed, or whether we have before been in a position to form any idea of how much, how very much, may be made out of the dry bones of zoology by a hand sufficiently cunning. The realism of the author of "By Reef and Palm" can scarcely be appreciated at its full value save by those who already know the surf-beat sandy beaches fringed with waving palms, and the mystic pale "blue gloom" of the coral seas, the depths stirred by great grey sharks, the surface broken by the splash of falling flying-fish. The author is known to the English public chiefly by his short stories of the unenduring loves of white storekeepers and dusky island girls, a subject that, more than Loti, he has made his own; and the present essays, those at any rate that deal with fishing and other sport among the dreamy islands that were so long his home, will make for him new readers and new friends. Those who know not the magic of the scenes he paints must, by the very reality of the descriptions, follow, undoubting, the thread of his narrative; those who, like ourselves, are no strangers to the southern seas, can almost, after long years, see the surf, once more whitening the sloping shore half hidden in the wind-borne smoke of an inland bush-fire.

Though we prefer, as newest from his pen, the author's pictures of shark and flying-fish and albacore and robber-crabs, there are many other topics in his book, here a picture of the olden time trader, there a powerful sketch of an apostate mother whose children are sacrificed to the sharks, anon a short history of the now dead whaling industry. This last, we confess, seems somewhat out of place in that company, and we think the book would have lost nothing by its omission. Then, there are many interesting allusions to the rela-

tions of the various island groups with the great Powers, Samoa being treated in some detail. Mr. Becke, being a travelled man and no narrowvillager, does not bestow unqualified praise on the missionary or his sequel, the native teacher, of whom the orthodox term "labour" is used but euphemistically. The Christianised kanaka is, as we have observed it in the sugar-plantations, not an encouraging object to those who have not as yet despaired of the human race; and we are in full accord with Mr. Becke when, as often, he hints at regretful memories of other days when missionaries were not, and when the lissom young chief could lounge amid his hard-working wives and exclaim in undaunted paganism, "When we die, we remain dead," a curious Polynesian parallel, by the way, of the gentleman from the North who advised his friend to enjoy life while he had it, "for," said he, "ye'll be a lang time deid!"

FICTION.

"A Fair Impostor." By Alan St. Aubyn. London: White.
 "What shall it profit a Man?" By Violet Tweedale. London: Digby, Long.
 "The Infatuation of Amanda." By Mina Sandeman. London: Digby, Long.

SOME novels are better reviewed unread. A day's undisturbed consideration of uncut pages destroys no illusions—the great principles of art are still the great principles, the fulfilment of them is a merit, and every demerit can be instructively traced to some interesting transgression. The least ornamental tale may yet point a moral. It is only when a book has been read that there is nothing to say about it. What profitable subjects for constructive criticism might have been found in these three novels, by one who had not read them, must for ever remain matter for speculation, for they stand, alas! in the full glare of familiarity. The fool conscience, rushing in, has trampled the varied possibilities into one vast and featureless blank of barren desert. And yet they are three births of three individual imaginations; each has a theme, and each has two or three, at least, dramatic personæ. It is needless to press the point; if they had remained unread they could not have appeared undistinguishably featureless. They are not the work of entirely unintelligent persons, nor, on the other hand, do they display either the vices or the virtues of cleverness. But they are, in a greater or less degree, meaningless. "A Fair Impostor" opens with a heroine engaged to an unloved man, presumably a villain; it goes on with a perfectly unessential French circus-rider who plays the part of a *grande dame* on the coast of Exmoor, and ends with the discovery of some papers which prove the presumable villain to be a real villain, thereby releasing the heroine from her engagement, and, incidentally, throwing her into the vague arms of the right man. This is not very reasonable. But Mrs. Tweedale is even less reasonable, although she opens with a situation that holds possibilities of interest. A rich aunt adopts the children of a sister who had married a groom and lived in Whitechapel. These comparatively interesting nieces, however, are dismissed halfway through, never to appear again, and the author concentrates all attention upon a villain of monstrous dulness. Human interest flies away beyond recall while this enormity, with his ambition to "wrest from Nature the subtle secrets she held inviolate and dormant in her breast," gains a magnetic control over his wife's aunt. Finally he falls into the river, and so the book ends. The end indeed is welcome, for one is glad to be rid of a bore at any price; but his drowning cannot, by any stretch of gratitude, be taken as an ending to the story which the author seemed inclined to tell when she started. Indeed, the superhuman villain is as meaningless and unessential as the French circus-rider in Exmoor. Miss Mina Sandeman, in "The Infatuation of Amanda," carries meaninglessness to a point where it becomes almost striking. The unbeautiful Amanda marries a scamp of inconceivable proportion, who hisses words in her ear, grins sardonically, and frequents the Alhambra, until, in the last chapter, she goes mad, kills her husband and flies the house, and our further study, raving. It is no more tragic than the announcement of

a stranger's death on the front page of the "Daily Chronicle." Doubtless many things come to pass in this world which seem to have no meaning whatever; but it is not such things that the artist sees. If he can discover no sort of shape or meaning in events, he is not interested in them. Miss Sandeman looks upon events as interesting and justifiable material for a novel if she can conceive of their happening. She is, in fact, a specimen of that exceedingly rare bird, the realist.

"Meresia." By Winifred Graham. London: Hurst & Blackett.

We have no exact ideas upon the identity of Miss Winifred Graham, but we dare hazard the conjecture that in her personality she combines some of the most marked characteristics of Miss Marie Corelli and Miss Edna Lyall. We hope we do not wrong her; but we think it probable that if these chaste merchants of hysteria and sentimentality were to collaborate—and surely the gods of the bookstalls would smile on so fair a conjunction—they would produce a novel very like "Meresia." Certainly we hope that the result would be more amusing than Miss Graham's book, which would gain in entertainment were it less strenuous and more melodramatic. Aladros, the wicked Spanish judge who tortures Anarchists, and hypnotises Meresia into a reluctant marriage; José Serano, the Spanish gaoler's son who is adopted by the eccentric Miss Betts, and, being left penniless at her death, wins through poverty to riches and distinction; Meresia herself, the red-haired, soft-voiced beauty who, at her first introduction to Aladros, knows with a sudden thrill of terror that she is his predestined bride, and, having married him, poisons him pleasantly for the sake of the Spanish Anarchists: these are all such stuff as cheap melodramas are made of, and are not presented with sufficiently novel picturesqueness to secure an hour's credence. Even a special correspondent of the "New York Journal" could turn out more convincing tales of Spanish atrocities; and in reading of Meresia herself we long for the flock of tamed and named geese, or other fowls of the air, which Miss Corelli would certainly have allowed her. Moreover, we are not at all convinced by the moral part of the business. Of whose deathbed, for instance, do you suppose the following lurid passage descriptive?

"So the brute-god Mammon stood at the bedside, seeking to destroy the spirit God, and conflicting forces met together, till the world and its wages were entirely eclipsed by the Great and the True—the radiance of celestial Justice."

Some wretched miser, you say, who would carry his evilly-won riches to another world with him. Not at all; this is only the harmless, gentle Miss Betts, who grieves in her last hours for the boy she has idolised and must now leave alone and penniless. Is not this the true hysterical manner? The pity of it is that Miss Graham gives intermittent signs that she can do much better than this. We sincerely hope she will go and do it.

"Cleo the Magnificent; or The Muse of the Real." A Novel. By Z. Z. London: Heinemann.

Literary heroes are generally tiresome persons, and Morgan Druce is more tiresome than most of them. The son of a wealthy banker, he had a temperament; his actions sprang from romantic impulses; and he wrote unappreciated verse. "They were strange products, most of the poems of his," says Z. Z.; "mirroring vague metaphysical moods, unseizable mystic fancies; incomprehensible save to one whose own inwardness they suggested, or to one of infinite emotional sympathy. A blurred shapeless spirit brooded behind these melodious masses of words, these outpourings of disconnected ideas—a spirit invisible for reason and responsive only to divination, as love responds to love," &c. These are fine, if meaningless phrases; but had we had a volume by Morgan Druce, with six others, to review, we should have said very different things about them. For Morgan is but an incompetent ass, spoiled by women on account of his good looks, with a bad habit of fine feelings, about which he twaddles at great length to himself or to any one who will listen to him. He loves a "beautiful and talented girl" with

"dark hair, he was a relation of his, to him from a misfortune, said that he felt moved to be a poet; they thought Morgan good himself to discuss in the and so occurring back, debts, —it was a tried the father. Now Druse but "charact intellegent was a w eyes, a prepos of nature between shows of human Z. Z. intention to per thoughtlessness fr "H Hume Hagan a man's idiocy. A young with meaning sees the corres is "A man have a stand, Hagan. "The Hamil tation for with a Then imp of lock to retires happy lovely "The money shut out make cold, the the river. Then the the ph very n brain i "N

"dark blue, velvety eyes," who calls her father "Pa"; he was on terms of an "indefinable and incredible" relation to a Lady Thiselton, who calls him a "darling sphinx," supplies him with money and proposes to him, only to be rejected because he is "too indurated" to her love making. But he resolved "to weave dreams from reality instead of from thought," and married the mistress of a popular novelist, a lady named Cleo, who said to him, "Tis always so with genius. I have ever felt myself a chosen spirit, and I am sure I am destined to become the greatest actress that has yet charmed and captivated the world." He takes a theatre for her with the money supplied by Lady Thiselton: there is nothing shabby in such an action, if you have a temperament. She proves as wretched an actress as he a poet; and having exhausted Lady Thiselton's money, they take shelter with her father, a printer at Dover. Morgan finds the household uncomfortable, and after a good many full pages of fine feelings, resolves to drown himself. Having found a convenient spot, he "proceeded to disrobe himself"—we learned only at this late point in the book that he wore the appropriate petticoats—and swam out to sea. In the middle of the swim it occurred to him that he might do a little work; he swam back, became a printer, then a proof-reader, paid his debts, divorced his wife, ended pathetically his relation—it was quite harmless—to Lady Thiselton, and married the "beautiful and talented girl" who called her father "Pa."

Now under a proper humorous treatment Morgan Druce might have been made an interesting person; but "Z. Z." is blind to the real significance of his character, that he was not a poet, that he had only the intellectual development necessary to a printer, that he was an entirely fitting mate for Cleo. The fact that he wrote verse renders him sacrosanct in Z. Z.'s eyes, and he bores instead of entertaining us with this preposterous, twaddling ass. There is not one spark of natural humour in the book, though the interview between Morgan's father and "The military person" shows what a conscientious man can force in the way of humour if he works hard enough at it. In truth, Z. Z. set out to be powerful, and is merely pretentious; he gives us ridiculous fine writing, and tries to persuade us with polysyllables that it is reasoned thought; and the book is cheap with a Jewish cheapness from its title to its last passages.

"Hagar of the Pawnshop" (Skeffington) by Fergus Hume, reads like a parody of Sherlock Holmes. Hagar makes the most momentous discoveries with a maidenly modesty only equalled by the extreme idiocy of every one with whom she comes in contact. A young man, to take one instance, has a key with certain figures upon it: if he can read their meaning, he obtains thirty thousand pounds. Hagar sees the key and has an inspiration. The figures correspond with letters of the alphabet. Figure one is "A," two is "B," and so on. Who but Hagar could have dreamt of such a thing? "I don't quite understand," says the young man. "I will show you," says Hagar.

"Through One Man's Sin" (Digby, Long), by Hamilton Orton, gives one quite a good deal of sensation for one's money. A lecturer on phrenology elopes with a young woman called Miriam to begin with. Then his lawful wife turns up and calls her a smiling imp of Satan, adding, "Wife? ha! ha! . . . you tried unlawfully to make him yours, but the tie of wedlock binds him still to me." Then the young woman retires into private life and becomes "almost childishly happy" in the society of her (and the phrenologist's) lovely infant. But the phrenologist finds her and says, "The woman whom in a rash moment I married for money is dead. What use are my riches to me when shut out from the heaven that only your presence can make on this earth?" This politeness leaves Miriam cold, and its only result is that she throws her baby into the river to save it from growing up like its father. Then her sister comes along in male disguise, and shoots the phrenologist, dying of nothing in particular in the very next chapter. We should like to put the author's brain into a glass-case and watch it working.

"Niccolina Niccolini" (Gardner, Darton), by the

author of "Mademoiselle Mori," shows that the atmosphere of France is not the only one that its writer can conjure up. One seems at times when reading this book to breathe the very air of Italy, to feel its smell of baked dust in one's nostrils. La Manfredi, Suora Pia, and the gentle shabby old aristocrat, Sora Emilia, are all living people. The author has just escaped great charm and distinction: her strong points are a pleasant style, and the faithfulness of her pictures and descriptions, which are never tedious.

"A Son of Israel" (John MacQueen), by Rachel Penn, is another book full of admirably done local colour. The Russian Marya and her husband are a striking couple and decidedly interesting. The idyllic love of David and Olga softens the harshness of the plot, which deals with the old story of Jewish suffering in Russia; and if the happy ending is a trifle forced, it certainly saves the book from becoming too depressing.

"His Fault or Hers" (Bentley), by the author of "A High Little World," is a story of the seduction of a pretty village girl and her death at the birth of her child. This sounds trite, but the treatment is not trite; on the contrary, it has both freshness and power. The grim Dissenting circle, the ambitious old uncle who unconsciously helps to ruin Achsa, and above all the good-natured, vacillating "Squire" who causes all the tragedy, are all uncommon and impressive characters. Old as is most of her story, "Caleb's pretty maid" is extraordinarily pathetic. The book can be recommended without any doubt at all.

LITERARY NOTES.

TTRIBUTE is being paid to the memory of Sir Richard Burton on both sides of the Atlantic. In America, a facsimile reproduction of the "Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night" is being prepared by the Burton Society. The limited edition of this is to be offered to subscribers only; it will be completed in sixteen volumes. At home we are to have the first publication of Sir Richard's posthumous work, "The Jew, the Gipsy and El Islam," much of the material for which occupied the author for a period of over thirty years. The second portion deals with the romantic tribes in every quarter of the globe, while the third treats of Mohammedanism from the broadly sympathetic standpoint which his unique experiences enabled Burton to adopt.

Mr. Fisher Unwin has two decidedly interesting books in course of production. Mr. Reginald Statham's "Paul Kruger and his Times" is an endeavour to sketch the President's life and career as representative of the characteristics and opinions of the Dutch settlers in general. The second work is on "Karl Marx and the Close of his System," an analysis by Eugen von Böhmbawerk of Marx's great work on Capital.

Mr. Marsham Adams has been ably assisted by various authorities in the preparation of his proposed catalogue of the papyri. Among his patrons have been Lord Cromer and M. de Morgan. He has just completed a work which is the outcome of his conviction that he has discovered the object of the Great Pyramid of Ghizeh. It has been Mr. Adams' endeavour to prove that the Egyptians possessed in remote times a profound knowledge of astronomy.

The "discount" question is again coming to the fore in a modified proposal from the long-suffering retailers. The leading conditions are, that a threepenny discount should be allowed on all books not exceeding six shillings in price; that a uniform discount of twenty per cent. should be fixed by publishers for the entire trade alike; and that only twopence in the shilling should be taken off works issued at more than six shillings. There is as little chance of this new scheme being accepted as there was in the case of the proposals which went before. Publishers will always be found ready to make more advantageous terms for a large consignment than for the small and uncertain orders of the average bookseller.

The Rev. Frederic Relton has undertaken the editorship of Messrs. Macmillan's "English Theological

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Library," which is designed to reproduce the works of Church dignitaries of the past two centuries. Among the earlier volumes will be Law's "Serious Call," and the fifth volume of Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity."

A Jubilee edition of Messrs. Cassell's "History of England" is in contemplation, to be issued serially in fifty-three sixpenny parts. The chronicle brings us as far as the events of 1897, and numerous fresh illustrations are being drawn by eminent artists for the series.

Theological works appear to be the most profitable form of publishing in the present day, if numbers may be taken as a guide. One of the newest ventures in this direction is a series of "eighteen facsimiles of MSS. of the Hebrew Bible," produced in colotype plates, 23 x 18 inches in size. Dr. Christian Ginsburg has supplied the accompanying description, which forms a "paleographical supplement" to his edition of the Massorah and Massoretico-critical text of the Hebrew Bible.

Mr. John Long's new fiction includes Mrs. Macquoid's "Story of Lois," Mr. F. W. Robinson's "All they went through," and Mr. Rentoul Esler's "Youth at the Prow."

The closing of the Kelmscott Press, on Thursday last, ended one of the most interesting and most important chapters in modern art. The printing establishment at Hammersmith which William Morris founded, was mainly sustained by his personal and artistic reputation. It was practically inevitable that with his death the Press should also die. It has remained open for a year and a half since then only for the purpose of completing the work which was already in hand or arranged for, and a week ago the last Kelmscott publications were issued, "Love is Enough," and "A Note, &c.," both of them appropriately the works of the master-printer himself, issued with equal appropriateness on his birthday. But though the Kelmscott Press is now a matter of history, its influence on the modern making of books lives, penetrates further every day, and helps in some degree to redeem this age from being an apotheosis of the "Cheap and Nasty" in craftsmanship.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Anarchism; A Criticism and History of the Anarchist Theory." By E. V. Zenker. Translated from the German. London: Methuen.

HERR ZENKER has set himself a task which may be likened to the calling forth of order out of chaos. The literary exponents of Anarchism offer to the independent truth-seeker the spectacle of a divided realm, full of confusion and contradiction. When Herr Zenker announced the present undertaking to his friend, Professor Elisée Reclus, that eminent person wished him well, but was doubtful of success. "On ne comprend," he wrote, "rien que ce qu'on aime." But Herr Zenker, though he would not love, was determined to understand. He has given a kind of historical review of what Anarchism is, or what has passed for Anarchism according to its chief apostles in Europe and America. With Teutonic thoroughness he begins with "Precursors and Early History." He might have begun with the first Anarchist for whom might be claimed an antiquity almost as respectable as Johnson's "first Whig." That he does not do this is due to the impossibility of discovering some elemental or first principle—some "idée mère," we may say, from which the discordant doctrines of modern teachers are all derived. Of early ideas of Communism, of the "Contrat Social," of the men of the French Revolution, he does indeed briefly discourse. But he finds no true Anarchists among the men of the French Revolution, and though some Anarchists are Communists it is certain that all are not Communists, nor are all Socialists. He gives some extraordinary instances of the confused views of Anarchists and writers on Anarchism regarding themselves and their aims. "Laveleye, for instance, 'does not know of Proudhon.' For him Bakunin is 'the only Anarchist.' Garin, who wrote a big book on the subject, knows nothing of Anarchist authors, excepting some youthful writings of Proudhon, and imagines that the Austrian minister Schäffle was in some way connected with Anarchists. For him Anarchism means Collectivism. Professor Enrico Ferri and others have numbered Mr. Herbert Spencer among Anarchist writers, which amazing fact renders Vaillant's statement that he regarded Mr. Spencer as one of his teachers much less amazing. Such ignorance may not be pernicious, but it is wonderful indeed, and does not smooth the path for a truth-seeker like Herr Zenker. So general is the chaos that in all the literature of the subject he finds an article

by Professor Georg Adler alone worthy of being called "scientifically useful." So much for modern writers. In his excellently lucid account of Proudhon he cites the diverse judgments of critics on that teacher. Laveleye thinks him a raving idiot, Carl Marx denies him talent or knowledge, a German writer calls him "the clearest thinker France has produced since Descartes," and so on. Of "Max Stirner," or Caspar Schmidt, who translated Adam Smith, Herr Zenker gives a really illuminating sketch. Bakunin he happily pictures as "the commercial traveller" — alluding to his wandering life of teaching Anarchism—"of eternal revolution, in a magnificent pose, and from the red cloak so picturesquely cast around him peeps out unpleasantly the dagger of Caserio." As a history of Anarchism Herr Zenker's book must necessarily, as he anticipates, evoke very different opinions of its worth. Knowledge and ability, as well as a painstaking desire for impartiality, are shown in no small measure in the author's handling of a many-sided theme.

"Medals and Decorations of the British Army and Navy." By John Horsley Mayo. With numerous Coloured Plates and Illustrations. Two Volumes. Westminster: Constable.

These comely volumes may be described as comprising a "catalogue raisonné" and a historical review. The author, unfortunately, did not live to see the issue of his work, and it has been left to the editor, Canon Mayo, to deal with grants of medals made since the decease of his cousin. The work has been very well executed, on the whole, considering the immense difficulties the subject presents, and the impossibility of attaining completeness. Medals are very apt to stray, and in process of time to be lost, or they are melted down. Many military medals, for instance, are mentioned by Mr. Mayo the designs of which are not known. There is official record of the grant of such medals, and that is all. In connexion with this question of lost or missing medals, the author makes a suggestion which we trust will receive the attention it deserves at the hands of those who can give it effect. A Loan Exhibition, he thinks, would probably lead to the discovery of many medals of interest, which have been locked up in bankers' strong-rooms, or are hidden and forgotten among family archives in country houses. "Although it is possible," Mr. Mayo observes, "that many of the medals of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have been melted down, it is doubtless the case that in private hands, as family treasures or heirlooms, there may be several surviving." We hope to see this proposed Loan Exhibition of British war medals organized, and on a scale sufficient to embrace all the objects dealt with in Mr. Mayo's work. The subject has many aspects of interest. There is the collector's point of view; there is that of the artist, who may compare, for instance, the designs of some of the Victorian medals with those of the seventeenth century, and regret the decay of art since the Commonwealth and the Restoration. From the historical standpoint, again, a collection of military and naval medals, badges and other decorations, is full of suggestion and interest. The earliest examples of commemoration medals worn as ornaments are the Armada medals, though medals were commonly worn, as Mr. Mayo says, in the reign of Henry VIII. From these early examples to such recent issues as the Chitral medal, the Ashanti star, the Soudan medal (1896), and others, is a long range over a diverse field, the whole of which is treated of in this many-sided work. The illustrations are various, and for the most part rendered in colour extremely well.

"Port-Royal Education." Extracts, with an Introduction by Félix Cadet. Translated by Adnah D. Jones. London: Sonnenschein.

This translation of M. Félix Cadet's admirable essay on the founders and masters of the famous *Petites Écoles* of Port-Royal should find many English readers interested in curious and obsolete phases of educational theory and practice. M. Cadet's historical survey of the Port-Royal foundation is excellently thorough and lucid. His criticism of the aims of Saint-Cyran and his colleagues, and of the literary and pedagogic exponents of Port-Royal theories such as Lancelot, Nicole, and Guyot, is eminently sound and shrewd. It is difficult to feel much enthusiasm for these apostles of education. Most moderns must be of Bossuet's mind with regard to their writings. They were not Matthew Arnolds, and very far from being Sainte-Beuve. We may wonder at the infatuated admiration Mme. de Sevigné expresses for the works of Nicole, of whose discourses, together with specimens of Pascal, Guyot, Lancelot, and other Port-Royalists, extracts are given by M. Cadet.

"Fads of an Old Physician, a Sequel to a 'Plea for a Simpler Life.'" By George S. Keith, M.D. London: Black.

One is disarmed from serious criticism by the title of this volume, and it certainly affords agreeable and suggestive reading. The "fads" in question are numerous, but chiefly relate to the necessity of restraint, in the use of food and of drugs and to the potent influence of the *vis medicatrix naturae*. When carefully watched by a competent physician, as, for instance, Dr. Keith has proved himself to be, the simple remedies of doing nothing, of restricting diet and so forth, may be excellent, but the people most inclined to cut down diet for themselves or for others are seldom those who have left least margin for reduction.

Mr. Mullett Ellis may be said to be abreast of the market, with his "Tales of the Klondyke" (Bliss, Sands). We do not know the country, our own mining prospecting having been done nearer England; so, for all we know, Mr. Mullett Ellis's fur trappers, who incontinently found millions in the soil, might have luxuriated in a Klondyke cave as they are represented to have done. But we distinctly decline to believe that "Colonel Silas Jay," a 'cute Yankee, could imagine the Czar of Russia had anything to do with the Klondyke. "Air we," he asks, "in the United States, or air we in the Dominion of Canada? Or is it Alaska, an' if so, whose Government is it? The Czar of Russia's or the Stars and Stripes? Or is it your Queen's?"

That very useful undertaking, "The Gentleman's Magazine Library" (Elliot Stock), edited by Mr. G. L. Gomme, F.S.A., has advanced in the "English Topography" section, under Mr. F. A. Milne's editing, to its tenth volume, comprising a classified selection of contributions to "Mr. Sylvanus Urban's" treasury relating to the counties of Shropshire and Somersetshire. These county "topographies" embrace a wide field of antiquarian interest, and, now that the series is approaching completion, the care and skill bestowed upon them by the editor may be fully appreciated. The present volume is unusually rich in material. It is a pity perhaps that some of the drawings of old buildings, now destroyed or restored past recognition, have not, together with old maps or plans, been reproduced. But Mr. Gomme's work is so admirable, it were ungracious to grumble.

Mr. W. S. Walsh's "Curiosities of Popular Customs" (Gibbings) is a cyclopaedia of a popular kind, drawn from many authorities, and uniform with the compiler's excellent and entertaining "Handy-Book of Literary Curiosities." Many books, well known or little known, have been laid under tribute in the making of this volume. It is full of interesting matter, relating to ceremonials, customs, myths, feasts, legends, folklore, and the dictionary form of the whole facilitates reference to its multifarious contents. There are also some good cuts by way of illustration.

"Constable's Hand Gazetteer of India" (Constable) is designed as a companion to the "Hand Atlas," of the same publishers, and excellently is this aim realised. It comprises some 20,000 entries, and gives the essential facts within the briefest compass possible. The information is brought up to date by utilising the 1891 census reports and other official documents. The "spelling difficulty" may, here and there, cause two references to be made where one should be enough, but regard to official reformed spelling of Indian place-names makes this unavoidable. For instance, we turn to what old custom has made known as "Cutch" and are referred to "Kachh." "Wynad," again, is transformed to "Wainâd." But the book is incontestably a work of the first order in utility, and reflects credit upon Mr. Bartholomew, under whose direction it has been compiled, and Mr. James Burgess, the editor.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

FOREIGN affairs, as is natural, continue to engage the attention of the Reviews. M. de Pressense, in the "Nineteenth Century," pleads for an understanding between France and England in West Africa, and argues that the material for compromise is ample and evident. Let us make a "local transaction" of the question as to the terms of agreement, and let both parties make up their minds to give and take. "It is impossible," says M. de Pressense, "to get everything, and at the same time peace." In the Far East, also, he finds "all the materials of a fair compromise." Altogether, he concludes, though the Powers appear to be re-mapping the world, there is no need to pass through the Red Sea and "paint with blood the lines of our new borders" in order to gain the Promised Land. Sir William White, in "The Latest Reconstruction of the Navy," deals with the improvement in naval armament and design that has taken effect within the last eleven years. In several respects, especially in "sea-keeping" qualities of war-ships, in increased speed, and in the supply of quick-firing guns of large calibre, remarkable evidence of progress is shown in Sir William's interesting review. "Why Vegetarian?" is an eloquent protest by Sir Henry Thompson against any limitations, vegetarian or other, of our food-resources. Let us enlarge our dietary. "Let us have all the world can be made to produce," says Sir Henry, for restriction in this matter is but a reversion to savagery. Something has been done for the preservation of ancient monuments, but why should not the Legislature do something "for the preservation of beautiful places?" Sir Robert Hunter finds no good reason against this enterprise in his suggestive article, "Places of Interest and Beauty," and shows how we might be placed beyond the fears of losing Stonehenge or the Dartmore Tors, let us say, as we have lost the finest waterfall in Great Britain. And in showing, also, what has been done in other countries to preserve interesting and beautiful scenes, Sir Robert Hunter points the way that we should take. Mr. J. E. Redmond, M.P., celebrates the "Centenary of '98," and cites Whig historians, old and new, as witnesses to the "cruelties and barbarities" practised on the Irish peasantry in 1798 by the "troops of England." "Who will wonder," he asks, "if Irishmen come from every quarter of the globe to share in that celebration?" Certainly there was no room for wonder at the St. James's Hall meeting. Among the lighter contributions to the "Nineteenth Century" we must

mention M. J. J. Jusserand's pleasant and in some ways striking paper on "French Ignorance of English Literature in Tudor Times," and Dean Hole's chatty review, "A Surrey Garden."

The "Fortnightly" opens with a strong indictment of the Prime Minister's conduct of Foreign Affairs by "Diplomaticus," who writes of "surrenders inexplicable" and "the pitiless ill-luck that invariably dogs those who blunder." It is not so much Lord Salisbury's "management"—for the writer praises his diplomacy with regard to the Eastern Question—that is censured by the "Fortnightly" reviewer, as the barren results of his labours. On the subject of the "Liquor Traffic in West Africa," Miss Mary Kingsley wrestles with Major Lugard's recent article, and declares that when he classes her with "the Liverpool merchants in this liquor-traffic affair," he did her the greatest honour she has received for her West African explorations. Mr. Stephen Gwynne writes with admiration and discrimination on "The Posthumous Works of Robert Louis Stevenson." The Anglo-French difficulties in West Africa are discussed in a retrospective article by Mr. F. A. Edwards, whose comments on the course of events are accompanied by a good map. Mr. Edwards is a frank witness to what he calls, not unjustly, the "superior enterprise" of the French. From Ouidah we have a passionate lament for Felice Cavallotti, full of burning invective, such as "killed by one of the Crispis crew!" and of tumultuous sorrowing—"Alas! the clarion of his voice will sound no more to carry dismay into base souls and cast shame upon the shameful." Mr. H. M. Paull, in "The National Gallery and Common Sense," makes some good reforming suggestions, especially with regard to the hanging and the "one school one room" ideal, though he hardly recognises all the difficulties of this arrangement. Of other noteworthy contributions to a good and well-varied "Fortnightly" we must be content only to name Mr. Henry James's critical note on Mr. Harland's stories, Mr. Holt Halle's weighty article on "British Trade and the Integrity of China," and an interesting paper on "Juvenile Reformatories in France" by Mr. Edmund Spearman.

The "New Century" comprises a brief and lucid paper by Mr. W. B. Wallace on Plotinus; a readable sketch of life in China by Mr. E. H. Parker; a review, by Mr. T. H. S. Escott, of Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's "Notes from a Diary"; and a singular pronouncement of Julia Crosskey entitled "One of a Lost Legion," the humour of which is decidedly fine-drawn. For the rest, the present number of this review is not wanting in diversity or recreation.

(For This Week's Books see page 474.)

FRANCE.

The SATURDAY REVIEW may be had in PARIS every Saturday from Messrs. BOYVEAU & CHEVILLET, 22 Rue de la Banque (near the Bourse), where also Subscriptions are received. Copies are likewise obtainable at Messrs. GALIGNANI'S, 224 Rue de Rivoli; at Le KIOSQUE DUPERRON, Boulevard des Capucines, Le KIOSQUE MICHEL, Boulevard des Capucines, Le KIOSQUE TERMINUS, Cour de Rome, and at the GALIGNANI LIBRARY, Nice.

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THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

LITERATURE.

Drame ancien, Drame moderne (E. Faguet). Colin.
Histoire et Poésie (Vte E. Melchior de Vogüé). Colin.

VERSE.

King of the Jews, The (G. S. Hitchcock). Hutchinson. 2s. 6d.
Nightshade and Poppies (Dugald Moore). Long. 3s. 6d.
Porphyry (Laurence Binyon). Richards. 5s.

ART.

Royal Gallery of Hampton Court, The (E. Law). Bell. 30s.
Work of Walter Crane, The. Virtue. 2s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY.

Benson, The Life-work of Edward White (J. A. Carr). Elliott Stock.

LAW.

Judicial Trustees Act, 1896 (Solicitor). Wilson. 2s. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

Bible, The Holy (Vol. VII.). Macmillan. 5s.
Cardinal Vaughan, A Reply to (J. C. Elgood). Skeffington.
Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ, The (James Tissot). Sampson Low.
Preparation for Christianity, The (R. M. Wenley). Black.
Sermons Preached in Westminster Abbey (B. Wilberforce). Elliott Stock.
Study of the Saviour in the Newer Light, A (A. Robinson). Williams & Norgate. 7s. 6d.
Thoughts on the Church (Rev. Vernon Staley). Hibberd. 1s. 6d.

SCIENCE.

Botany, Text-book of (Dr. E. Strasburger). Macmillan. 18s.
Creation Discovered, The Process of (J. Dunbar). Watts. 7s. 6d.
Fossil Plants (Vol. I.) (A. C. Seward). Cambridge University Press. 12s.
Linacre Reports, The (Vol. III.) (edited by E. R. Lankester).

SPORT.

Encyclopaedia of Sport (April). Lawrence & Bullen. 2s.
Harry Drudgill, Fisherman from Manxland to England (Henry Cadman). Macmillan. 8s. 6d.

TRAVEL.

India, Through the Famine Districts of (F. H. S. Merewether). Innes. 16s.

EDUCATION.

Nouvelles Contemporaines (J. Duhamel). Rivingtons. 2s.
Sacs et Parchemins (Jules Sandeau). Rivingtons. 2s.

FICTION.

All they went through (F. W. Robinson). Long. 6s.
Betty's Mistake, Miss (Adeline Sergeant). Hurst & Blackett.
Comedies and Errors (H. Harland). Lane. 6s.
Egyptian Coquette, An (Clive Holland). Pearson. 2s. 6d.
Fortune's Gate (Alan St. Aubyn). Chatto & Windus. 6s.
Indiana's Wife, The (Bertram Mitford). White.
Keepers of the People, The (E. Jepson). Pearson. 6s.
Londoners, The (Robert Hichens). Heinemann. 6s.
Lucky Bargee (Harry Lauder). Pearson. 3s. 6d.
Lust of Hate, The (Guy Boothby). Ward, Lock. 5s.
Story of Lois, The (Katharine S. Macquoid). Long. 6s.
Strength of Two, The (Esme Stuart). White.
Youth at the Prow (E. R. Esler). Long. 3s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Arabic Vocabulary for Egypt (F. E. Robinson). Sampson Low. 3s.
Argosy, The (April).
Blackwood's Magazine (April).
Critical Examination of Dr. G. Birkbeck Hill's "Johnsonian" Editions (Percy Fitzgerald). Bliss, Sands. 5s.
Dictionary, Chamber's English (Ed. by T. Davidson). Chambers. 12s. 6d.
Economics, Pure (Maffeo Pantaleoni). Macmillan. 10s.
Finances de la France, Les (Léon Say). Lévy.
French Weekly, Pitman's (Vol. II.). Pitman. 3s. 6d.
History of Greece, A Comic (C. M. Snyder). Lippincott.
New Zealand (W. P. Reeves). Marshall. 1s. 6d.
Nineteenth Century, The (April).
Sanctuaires d'Orient (Édouard Schuré). Perrin.
Science, What is (Duke of Argyll). Douglas.
Statesman's Year-book, 1898, The (edited by J. S. Keltie). Macmillan. 10s. 6d.
Temple Bar (April).

REPRINTS.

German Colloquial Conversation. Pitman. 1s.
Heart of Midlothian, The (2 vols.) (Sir Walter Scott). 13s. 6d. 3s.
King Lear (Shakespeare). Black.
Madge's Letters (German and English). Pitman. 6d.
Paradise Regained (Milton). Clive. 2s. 6d.
Wakefield, The Vicar of (Oliver Goldsmith). Service & Paton.

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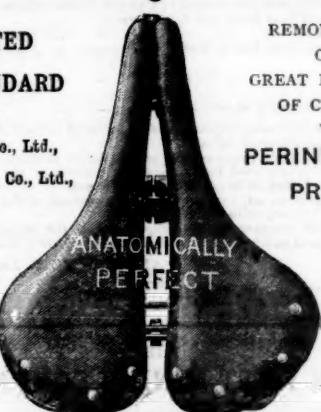
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The choicest roasted nibs (broken-up beans) of the natural Cocoa, on being subjected to powerful hydraulic pressure, give forth their excess of oil, leaving for use a finely flavoured powder—"Cocoaine," a product which when prepared with boiling water has the consistency of tea, of which it is now beneficially taking the place with many. Its active principle being a gentle nerve stimulant, supplies the needed energy without unduly exciting the system. Sold only in labelled tins.

The Hall Mark of

PERFECTION.



CYCLES.

Head Depot : 32 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Brighton Depot : 66 Preston Street.

West-End Agency : 86 New Bond Street, W.

A few Clearance Machines at exceptionally Low Prices.

**THE CROWN REEF GOLD MINING CO.,
LIMITED,**
JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.
CAPITAL - - - £120,000.

Directorate:

W. H. ROGERS, *Chairman.*

R. O. GODFRAY LYS, *Managing Director.*
(*Alternate, C. L. Redwood.*)
J. W. S. LANGERMAN (*Alternate, N. J.*
F. ROBINOW. *Scholtz.*)
C. D. RUDD, *Major H. L. Sapte.*
C. S. GOLDMANN
(*Alternate, J. G. Hamilton.*)

London Committee:

CHAS. RUBE, S. NEUMANN.
JOHN ELLIOTT, E. DUVAL.

Secretary:

H. R. NETHERSOLE, A. MOIR.

HEAD OFFICE: CROWN REEF, JOHANNESBURG, S.A.R.
LONDON TRANSFER OFFICE: 120 BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN, E.C.

DIRECTORS' MONTHLY REPORT

on the working operations of the Company for January, 1898, which shows a Total Profit of £22,379 9s. 11d. :-

EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

120 Stamp Mill and Cyanide Works - - 15,971 Tons Milled.

EXPENDITURE.

	Cost.
To Mining Expenses	£11,601 8 3
Transport	233 23 8
Milling	2,126 3 6
Cyanide	3,586 1 7
Slimes	1,152 23 3
General Charges	2,339 9 11
Mine Development	252 3 6
	£10,193 6 8
Balance Profit	22,379 9 11
	£41,572 16 7

REVENUE.

By Gold Accounts-	Value.
2,507 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Mill	£27,383 9 10
2,348 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Cy. Works	12,019 8 7
2,484 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Slimes Works	1,970 5 8
	£41,572 16 7

The Tonnage milled for month was 17,907 tons, cost £10,912 16 7
Add quantity taken from stock 1,044 " 688 11 8

Less waste rock sorted out 18,951 " 21,601 8 3

Milled Tonnage 35,972 " £11,601 8 3

The declared output was 12,100 fine ozs. bullion = 0,820,453 fine gold.
And the total yield per ton of fine gold on the Milled Tonnage basis was -12 dwt.
7 1/48 grs.

GENERAL.

The following are the particulars of the lineal Development work done for the month:-

5TH LEVEL-	ft.
Sinking Winzes	25
7TH LEVEL-	
Driving on South Reef, East and West	44
Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West	21
Sinking Winzes	29
Cross-Cutting	3
8TH LEVEL-	
Driving on South Reef, East and West	136
Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West	71
Sinking Winzes	36
9TH LEVEL-	
Driving on South Reef, East and West	21
Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West	39
Sinking Winzes	110
	536

The tonnage of ore exposed by the above works amounts to 21,037 tons.
During the month 2,980 tons of waste rock were sorted out from the tonnage mined. The waste rock was of an average assay value of 25 grs. per ton. The rock sorted was equivalent to 15,724 per cent. of the total rock handled.

H. R. NETHERSOLE, *Secretary.*

Head Office, Johannesburg, 9 February, 1898.

CROWN REEF GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

DECLARATION OF DIVIDEND NO. 20.

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND of ONE HUNDRED PER CENT. (being at the rate of 200 per cent. per annum) has been declared by the Board, for the Half-year ending 31 March, 1898, payable to Shareholders registered in the books of the Company at the close of business at 4 p.m. on TUESDAY, 29 March, 1898, and to HOLDERS OF COUPON NO. 8 attached to SHARE WARRANTS TO BEARER.

The Dividend Warrants will be despatched to London from the Company's Head Office, Johannesburg, about 16 May next.

The Transfer Registers will be closed from 30 March to 5 April, 1898, both days inclusive.

By Order,

ANDREW MOIR, *London Secretary.*

London Office: -120 Bishopsgate Street, Within, E.C.

**BALMORAL MAIN REEF GOLD MINING COMPANY,
LIMITED.**

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the TRANSFER BOOKS of this Company will be CLOSED from the 1st to 9th APRIL, 1898, both dates inclusive, for the purpose of balancing the Share Registers.

By Order, JOHANNESBURG CONSOLIDATED INVESTMENT COMPANY, LIMITED, London Agents.

T. HONEY, *Secretary.*

50 and 51 Austin Friars, London, E.C.

23 March, 1898.

Printed for the Proprietors by STRANGEWAYS & SONS, Tower Street, W.C., and Published by FREDERIC WINNEY SABIN, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of London.—Saturday, 2 April, 1898.

BONANZA, LIMITED.

MANAGER'S REPORT for the Month of January, 1898.

MINE.		
Number of feet driven, risen, and sunk, exclusive of stopes	338 feet.	
Ore developed	7392 tons.	
Ore and waste mined	935 tons.	
Less waste sorted out	3153 "	
Balance milled	6102 tons.	

MILL.		
Stamps	40	
Running time	29 days, 21 hrs., 11 mins.	
Tons crushed	6102 tons.	
Smelted gold bullion	51616 ozs.	
Equivalent in fine gold	4452039 "	

CYANIDES AND SLIMES WORKS.

Yield in smelted gold bullion	8875 ozs.
Equivalent in fine gold	944375 "

TOTAL YIELD.

Yield in fine gold from all sources	680578 ozs.
" " " per ton milled	22.602 dwt.

WORKING, EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

On a basis of 6102 Tons Milled.

Mining	£3,810 6 12
Sorting and Crushing	664 2 4
Milling	1,178 11 5
Cyaniding	1,065 7 5
Slimes	408 6 0
H. O. Expenses	148 17 0

Exchange to London on Transfer of No. 3 Dividend
Development Redemption on 6,102 tons at 2s.

£67,306 11 3
2,135 14 0

£10,134 8 3
16,30 7 8

£28,564 15 11
£2,563 5 11

GENERAL EXPENSES.

The Capital Expenditure for the Month of January is as follows:	
Development	£1,439 1 6
Shaft	550 0 11
Buildings	207 15 1
Machinery and Plant	380 8 5

£2,563 5 11

FRANCIS SPENCER, *Manager.*

CROWN DEEP, LIMITED.

RESULTS FOR FEBRUARY.

Copy of Cablegram received from Head Office, Johannesburg:

Number of Stamps working	160
Number of days working 160 Stamps	24 days.
Tons crushed by 160 Stamps	19,000
Yield in smelted Gold, from Mill	16,670
Tons of Sands and Concentrates treated by Cyanide Works	3242 086
Yield in smelted Gold from Sands and Concentrates	4827
Tons of Slimes treated	3500
Yield in smelted Gold from Slimes Works	179 "
Total	10,248

Estimated profit for month £9000

NOTE.—The following explanations are included in the Cablegram:—
Slimes Works, partial clean up only.

Total yield, eight-tenths pennyweights per ton below January, in consequence of machine drills exclusively used for stopping (on account of the scarcity of black labour) and a slight falling off in grade from some stopes.

Cost of working is 2s. 4d. per ton higher, on account of the large amount of development, and stopping drills exclusively.

The cause of the decrease is only temporary. At the deepest working points mine opening out most satisfactorily. Indications higher yield this month.

ANDREW MOIR, *London Secretary.*

London Office: 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.

8 March, 1898.

— THE —

VAN RYN WEST MINING COMPANY, Ltd.

IN LIQUIDATION.

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Certificates for whole Shares in the Van Ryn Gold Mines Estate, Limited, and the provisional Fractional Certificates for tenths of a share are now ready for distribution to Shareholders of the above Company, on the basis of one share in the Van Ryn Gold Mines Estate, Limited, for every two shares held in the above Company.

These Shares and Fractional Certificates can now be obtained at the Office of the Company upon surrender by Shareholders of Share Certificates in the Van Ryn West Mining Company, Limited.

STUART JAMES HOGG, *Liquidator.*

18 St. Swithin's Lane, London, E.C.

19th March, 1898.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

Printed for the Proprietors by STRANGEWAYS & SONS, Tower Street, W.C., and Published by FREDERIC WINNEY SABIN, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of London.—Saturday, 2 April, 1898.